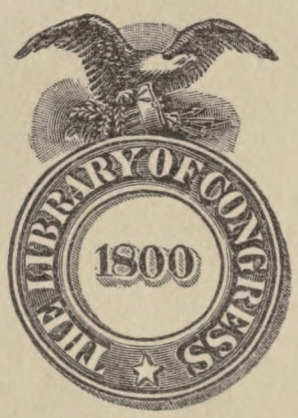
# Twelve LITTLE PILGRIMS WHO STAYED AT HOME

LUCY JAMESON SCOTT

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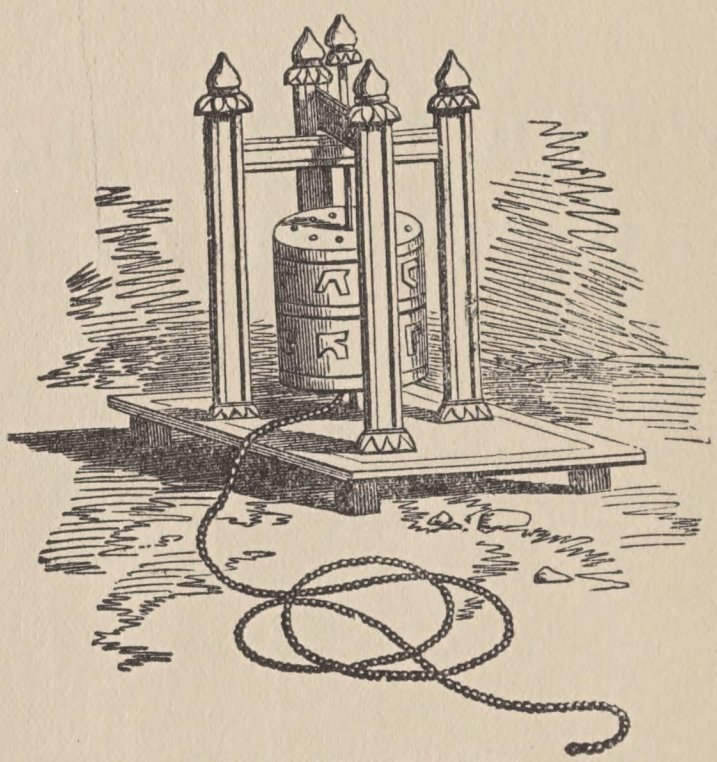
# TWELVE LITTLE PILGRIMS WHO STAYED AT HOME



PRAYER WHEEL

SOME MERRY MISSION BABIES

# *Twelve Little Pilgrims Who Stayed at Home*

By
Lucy Jameson Scott
(Mrs. O. W. Scott)

NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO
Fleming H. Revell Company
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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(*October*)

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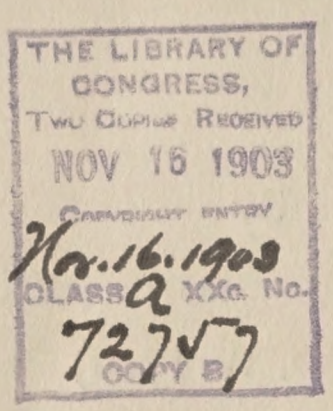


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*To the Girls and Boys everywhere who are helping to send the Glad Tidings to Heathen Lands this book is affectionately dedicated by the author*

WELCOMING THE BABY (JAPAN)

GREAT BELL AT SEOUL, KOREA

THE STICK OF FATE

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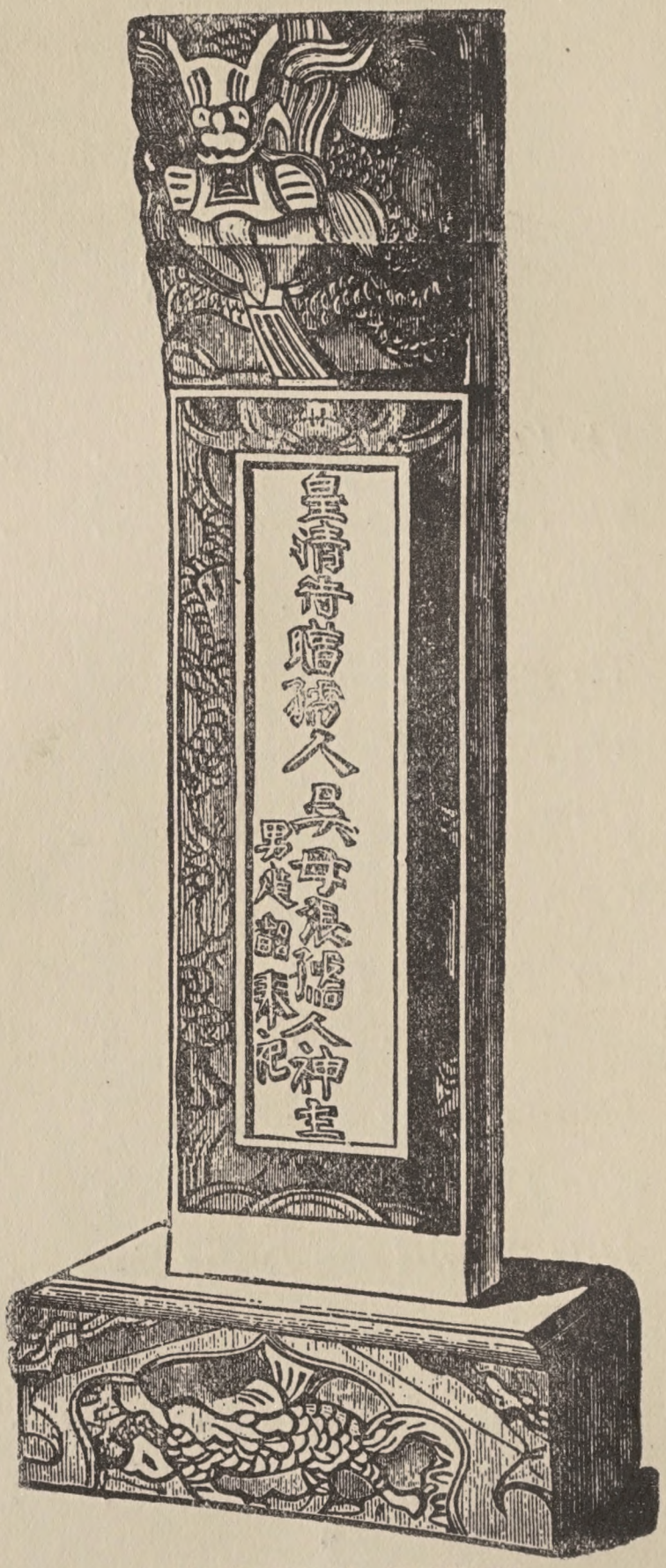

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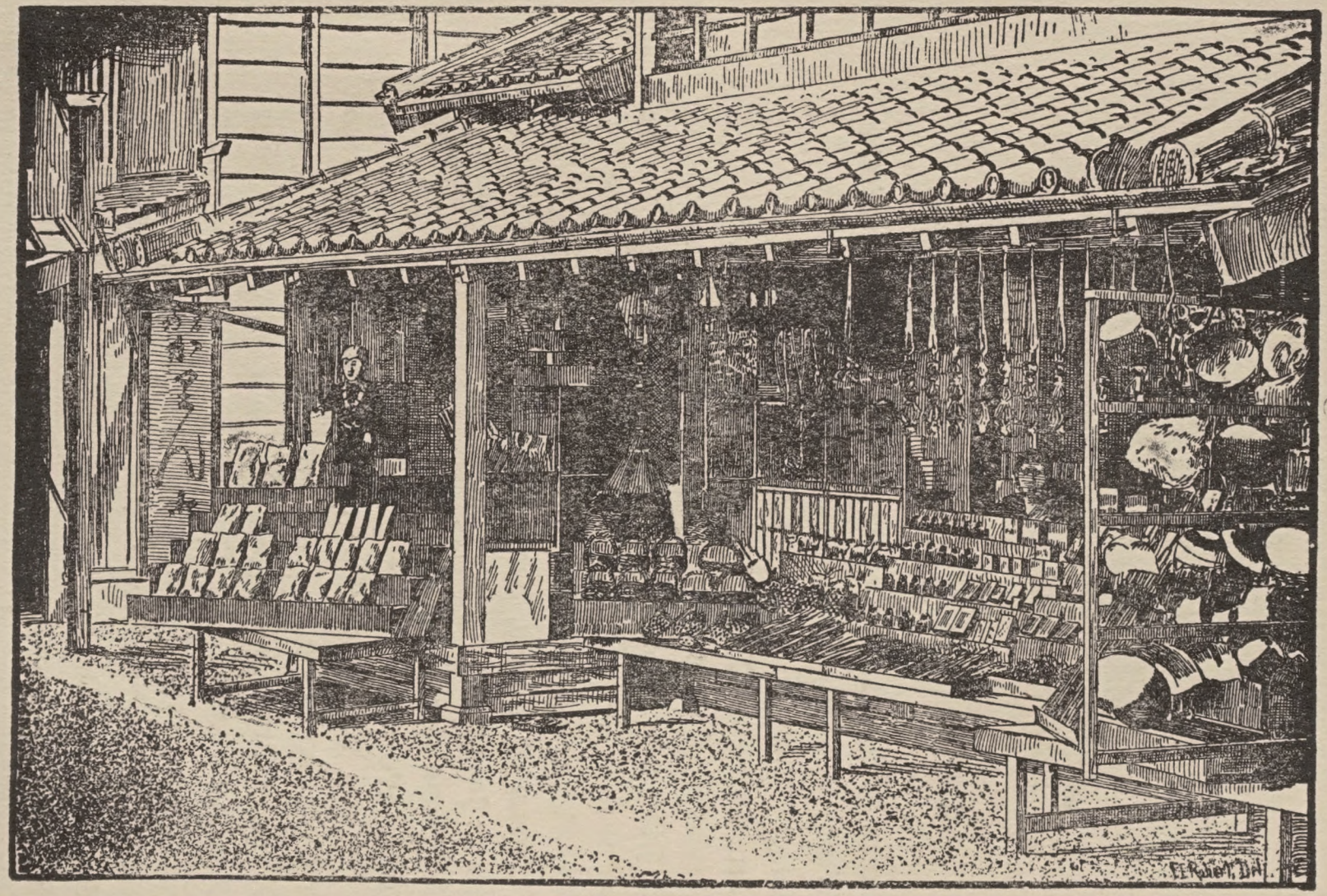


A JAPANESE SHOP

# Twelve Little Pilgrims Who Stayed at Home

## I

### THE VERY BEGINNING

"TING! TING!" Mr. Stebbins struck the bell and Sunday-school was over.

Then Miss Alice Gay's class gathered still closer about her.

"Couldn't we have one?" asked Avis Brent.

"O do!" whispered Persis Taylor, her black eyes full of enthusiasm.

"Miss Gay, there's twelve of us counting Lou, same as that society he told about," added Maud Barton.

Miss Gay looked into the eyes,—black, brown and blue—which were fixed upon

her and said: "I expected this, girls. While Mr. Bradford was telling us about the wonderful success of those children over in Berea, I said to myself, 'It will be just like my girls to want to do something for those heathen children.' But I cannot tell you yet what we will do. If you can come to my home to-morrow, after school, we will talk it over."

All the girls promised to be there, and then hurried away, talking earnestly as they went.

But what had so aroused Miss Gay's class? Why, Saturday afternoon a freight train broke down and delayed a passenger train. Mr. Bradford, who was very anxious to reach Boston that night, was obliged to ride out to Rockside on the short line of railroad which ran to that village, and remain there over Sunday. He was not pleased to have his plans upset in this way, but he went to church and tried to forget his vexation. The minister and the superintendent recognized him as a Sunday-school worker, so he was called up to make a speech.

"But I've nothing to say to these boys and girls, not a word," he declared. But they would not excuse him, and he happened to think of the Mission Gleaner's entertainment which had just been given in the Berean Church.

He told the story well, for his whole soul was stirred by the thought of the great wide world waiting for the Gospel, and with pride and gratitude because "his boys and girls" were helping to send this Gospel to heathen nations. Even the roguish boys in the front seat listened, and every young heart in the school was touched. Where there is a real fire, you can't help feeling the warmth; and Mr. Bradford's words came straight from the "fire within."

Mr. Stebbins was very uneasy while the stranger was speaking. He did not want the people to get interested in missions until the church debt was paid. There had been a church debt for a great many years, and whenever the minister or a missionary wanted to plead for missions, Mr. Stebbins or some other

member would say, "Don't think of such a thing! We must pay our debt first." So the debt was a kind of extinguisher under which the Rockside Church tried to shine. But its light did not reach very far.

But while Mr. Stebbins was tumbling his hair, and bending the cover of his singing-book in his agitation over Mr. Bradford's speech, the good seed was being received into good soil. Miss Gay's class was ready for it. She had made the lessons interesting, and had led her girls to look beyond themselves, and done much to prepare the way, so she was not surprised by their eager questions. And yet, as she walked homeward, her face was thoughtful and a little anxious.

She and her father lived alone in a pretty brown house on the hill, and after luncheon she stood in their pleasant wide dining-room talking to herself as she often did when she did not know just what to do.

"Perhaps it is my duty. I could have

them meet here,—and father would give me a dozen small rocking-chairs from the store I am sure. I wonder if I could make foreign places and people seem *real.* I wonder if I could teach them what it means to have a share in mission work. I wonder if I know *myself.*"

And then Miss Gay sat down and the room was very quiet while she talked with her own heart and with God.

She was aroused by a rap at the side door followed immediately by a light step crossing the kitchen, and the appearance of a bright face in the doorway. It was Lou Leslie, her niece who lived just the width of the lawn away.

"You don't care if I came over, do you, Aunt Alice?" she began. "I keep thinking 'bout those things."

"Come here, darling," said Miss Gay, drawing her close; "tell me what you think we ought to do."

Lou drew a long breath.

"Well, that man wouldn't tell a wrong story, would he? And if it's true,—if the mothers do throw their babies to

the fishes ——" "Crocodiles, Lou," corrected her aunt.

"Yes, croc'diles,—and if they do all those naughty things 'cause they don't know Jesus, and if some children over where that man lives can get money to send 'em mish'naries and Bibles, why, what you s'pose? Can't we help too?" and Lou clapped her hands as if she had worked her way through a problem and found the right answer.

Miss Gay kissed her. "That is good logic," she said.

"Is that a nice word for me?" asked the little girl. "Papa said he thought I had quite a grown up heart about some things. I *think* that's what he said."

"So you have. Yes, logic is a nice word. It means that you see what ought to be done, and you do not stop to think whether it will be hard or easy to do it. Little Lou, you are right, and we will do something."

"And can I be in it?" asked Lou rather anxiously.

"In it? I couldn't get along without you," Aunt Alice replied.

"'Cause sometimes the girls think I'm too small," Lou added, shyly.

Miss Gay's only reply was to hug her still closer and kiss the soft pink cheek.

Everybody loved Lou Leslie, and if she had not been as good as she was sweet, she would have been a spoiled child.

As it was, she grew as naturally as a robin or a rose, and seemed to be in the world just to make it happier and better. Her Aunt Alice had taken her to Sunday-school and to her own class when she was a wee morsel of a girl, and instead of going into the "Infant Department," Lou had stayed there, although the other girls were several years older than herself. They never reminded her of her extreme youth, however, except when they were allowed, as a class, to eat ice cream and cake in the evening. Then they had to let Lou go to "Mrs. White's party," which meant night-gown and bed for the small girl.

At the earliest possible moment the

next afternoon Miss Gay saw her girls crossing the lawn, and soon ushered them into the pleasant dining-room. "Oh!" they exclaimed, "you're going to have it, or you would not have these rocking-chairs!" For there were twelve pretty red chairs,—just the right size for girls from eight to thirteen years old, scattered about the room.

Like any flock of merry girls they talked and laughed and asked questions until Miss Gay rapped on the table. Instantly every one flew to her chair and all eyes were fastened upon the beloved teacher.

"I see that you haven't forgotten what you came for," she began, smilingly, "since you are all asking if we can have a *society;* so I will tell you my thought. You remember I told you once about the Children's Crusade, when thousands of boys and girls left their homes in France and Germany and started for Palestine. They wanted to help rescue Christ's tomb from the Turks. It is a strange sad story, for most of the children died on the

journey or became slaves to the Turks. We know better than to do anything of that kind, but we want a little of the courage and enthusiasm they had to use in another way. We want to go abroad to learn about the children who are in the other part of the great house we live in, so that we can pray for them and love them, and help them. If we can get acquainted with them so that they seem like real boys and girls, in real homes, then it will not be easy to forget them. But we cannot go across the ocean,—I wish we could—so we must use our minds and imaginations and make the trip that way. There was a man named Thoreau who once said,

"'If with fancy unfurled
You leave your abode,
You may go round the world
By the Marlboro road.'

"So we can go 'round the world' in these rocking-chairs by way of Rockside. You shall be a band of pilgrims, and I will be your leader. Do you think that would be pleasant?"

There was a chorus of " Yes ma'ams," from the eager listeners.

The girls *always* listened when Miss Gay talked to them, for she had a beautiful face and a bright quick manner, and never indulged in " baby talk," which these young friends from the Rockside grammar school would certainly have resented.

" Very good ! " said Miss Gay, " but before we start I must tell you that it means something to take such a long trip. If we were really going by steamship I am sure you would not leave the company in Japan, or China or Egypt. So we must agree first of all to ' keep together.' Can you leave croquet, or skating or games to come to the meetings ? Think, now, and answer truly."

The smiling faces grew sober and the girls looked at each other a moment in silence. Then Avis Brent and Maud Barton raised their hands. One by one others were lifted until all had pledged to faithful following ; but Joanna Stebbins said, " Papa is willing to let me be

in anything you have, Miss Gay, but he says we can't expect to raise money." Trudie Eastman quickly added, with an approving nod, " Mamma said to tell you not to forget the debt. But she's willing I should save my candy money for the missionaries."

Miss Gay smiled with her lips but her eyes were sober as she said : " I'll promise never to ask for money if your parents object.

" But we must not forget to ask God's blessing on our pilgrimage. When the young Crusaders started for the Holy Land, they cried : ' God wills it ! God wills it ! ' as they went from city to city. So I think we can more truly believe that He blesses us to-day." Then she bowed her head and prayed, " Dear Lord Jesus, help us to learn about Thy dear children in other lands,—help us to send them Thy messages of love, and to feel more and more that we all belong to one great family. Amen."

Then came some necessary business, and while that is being done we may as

well look more closely at our company of Pilgrims.

Lou Leslie, sitting next to her aunt, has already been introduced. Her flushed cheeks and bright eyes showed great interest, but she had kept quiet, "letting the older girls talk," as her careful mother had advised.

Next came Persis Taylor, a stout, red-cheeked, black-eyed girl, who could run faster, laugh louder and play longer than any of the others. Maud Barton, her dear particular friend, was pale, with blue eyes and soft golden curls. Maud's dress was always neat, and her ribbons in place; while Persis, or "Pert," as the girls called her, was most unfortunate with her clothing. Every nail and splinter, lying in wait for flying garments, was sure to catch Persis. But Maud always carried pins to mend the rents, and sympathy for "Pert's" lacerated feelings; so they got on nicely together as bosom friends.

Avis Brent, the minister's daughter and a peacemaker, came next, and then

Gladys Stearns who never forgot that her father was Colonel Stearns, and that she could dress better than any other girl in the class.

Mary Ellen Fairbrother, an awkward warm-hearted girl, whose home training had not been very good, sat next. She admired Gladys and was devoted to her, but had to bear an amount of "snubbing" which would have discouraged a less unselfish nature.

Then came two sisters, Lizzie and Lydia Wheeler, who lived on a farm half a mile from the village. They were nice sensible girls and excellent scholars. Joanna Stebbins, next in the circle was bright and quaint, and always ready for fun, as was Trudie Eastman, whose artistic gift was something remarkable. Ella Brown was a modest, friendly girl, and Edith Kingsley who finished the circle at Miss Gay's left,—whose pretty head was covered with short auburn curls, was a little musician, carefully trained by her father.

Twelve bright girls they were, fairly representing New England, and, for that

matter, the larger part of our Union since American boys and girls are much alike everywhere.

Rockside—their native village—was a pleasant old town which had started on both sides of the river where its great busy factories stood. But its streets had slowly climbed the hills until the village had spread in every direction and pretty homes with lawns and gardens covered the broad terraces. Now then, you can locate the Pilgrims and be ready, staff in hand, to follow them around the world.

But while we have been introducing the girls, they have chosen Avis Brent for "scribe" or secretary, and Maud Barton to carry the Pilgrims' wallet, as Miss Gay called the treasury which was to be.

"The girls' Mission Band over to the other church has a motto," said Avis.

"What is it?"

"It's the 'do unto others as you'd have them do to you' text."

"Well, girls, you can select one, if you wish. Each one give a verse and then we will decide which is best." Miss Gay

knew her girls could be trusted to do this because they always learned their memory verses.

Lou Leslie was the last in the circle, and she could not think of one after Lydia Wheeler had taken the "suffer little children" verse. Her face grew rosy and she bit her lip and the girls tried to give her hints, but all in vain. Suddenly she jumped up with a cheerful: "I've just thought of one. 'And Jesus said unto His disciples, Forget Me not.'"

There was a subdued smile on the faces turned towards Miss Gay,—a tender motherly smile which said, "she doesn't know any better, does she?"

"That is nearly right, Lou. Jesus did say almost those very words, and if we obey them we will not forget His little children in other lands," said Miss Gay.

"It would make a nice motto I think," added Joanna; and so, very soon, they voted unanimously to take for their motto, "Forget Me not."

## II

### THE PILGRIMS LEAVE AMERICA

"O SEE those big maps!" "And a globe!" "And pictures!" "How nice every thing is."

The little Pilgrims came into the room smiling and eager to begin their journey. There were the twelve small red rocking-chairs with arms open wide to receive them,—there was Miss Alice,—as they always called her,—and there were the helps she had gathered for them.

"Joe, what are those little piles of patchwork pieces for?" whispered Trudie Eastman, with a suspicious glance towards the table. Joanna's sharp eyes had already noticed the twelve piles of gingham and cambric pieces, and she looked inquiringly at Miss Alice, who answered with a smiling, "Did you think we were going to travel with folded hands? Gran'ma Hunter will give us two dollars

just for 'over and over' seams. Shall we earn it for our wallet?"

"That'll be fine," said Joanna. All the girls did not like to sew, but they were willing to help, and after the song and prayer and the scribe's report, the red rocking-chairs began to sway gently to the motion of busy little needle women. Each one was furnished with a new steel thimble and spool of cotton so that there need be no borrowing.

"When you have anything to say or to read, and when your fingers are tired, you can stop sewing," said Miss Alice as she started Lou's first seam.

"Where are we going first, Miss Alice? O, do let's begin to start!" exclaimed Persis Taylor.

"It is fortunate for you that a pilgrim needs only his staff and wallet. We have no steamer trunks, chairs, wraps nor money. We will just play that we have reached Vancouver,—here it is on the map—and all taken passage on a great steamer. We are none of us seasick, and as we sail on and on for two long weeks

we learn to love the water and the winds. Now at the end of two weeks we come into a fine harbor and we see in the distance a mountain rising above what looks like a long low coast. Do you know where we are going?"

"Yes ma'am, to Japan," cried several voices.

"And before we land what can you tell me about this wonderful country?"

"It is an island." "It is several islands, I think."

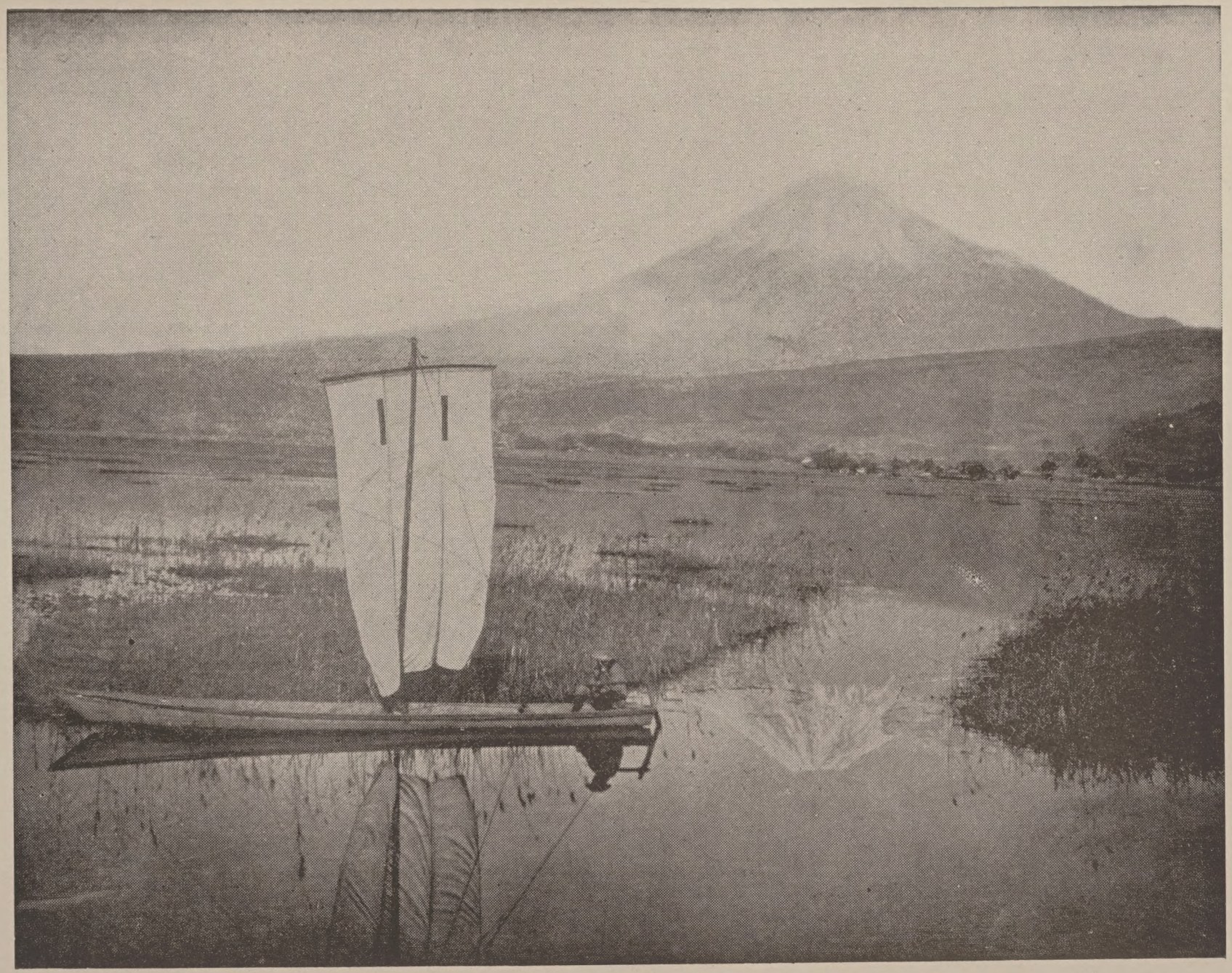
"Yes, there are nearly four thousand islands, but only four are usually mentioned,—Nippon, Yezo, Kiuchiu and Shikoku. We call them all 'Japan.' Now what more do you know about it?"

"I know it is very beautiful," said Lizzie Wheeler, "and the Japanese understand how to make the best of everything."

"And can you tell me what that high mountain is which we see?"

"O yes, that is Fujisan, or Fujiyama. It is their highest mountain."

"Very good. Now our steamer is



FUJIYAMA

coming near to the shore, and we look out upon fishing boats, and steam launches, and sampans, and fishermen and women. We take a boat and reach the shore and there we are,—in what city?"

"Yokahama, I think," said Joanna who had been eyeing the map sharply.

"Yes, and here we find street cars, but we prefer to ride as travellers did before these were introduced. So, not having any trunks to look after, we turn to the —who will tell me how we will ride in Japan?"

"Camels, I *think*," said little Lou.

"No, no, donkeys," corrected Gladys, whose father had recently returned from Egypt.

"Not a bit of it! We will take a *jinrickisha*, or several of them, for our party."

"What kind of animal is that?" asked Lou, with wide open eyes.

"It is a carriage, dear, like a big old-fashioned baby carriage, and a man draws it."

"Truly, Miss Alice? Aren't there any horses in Japan?" asked Avis.

"Only a few. There are more since the war with China, but even now they are used but little to draw carriages. The jinrickisha men are thin and brown, with bare muscular legs and arms, and they are very anxious to carry us anywhere we wish to go for ten cents an hour."

"Do you pay them with our money? I mean, is their money like ours?" asked Maud.

"No, here are some of their coins which I borrowed of your father, Avis. You notice the square hole in each one, which makes it easy to carry a good many on a string."

The girls gathered around Miss Gay to examine the small, thin, brown bits of money.

"How much are they worth?" was the first question.

"This is a *sen*, and has the value of our cent. One hundred make a *yen* or silver dollar. But instead of having no

smaller coin than the *sen*, they have the *rin* and it takes ten of these to make a *sen*. Now we will climb in and sit down upon the cushioned seat,—two of us together as we are small people."

"You'll let me ride with you, won't you, Aunt Alice?" asked Lou, whose two bits of patchwork dangled over the arm of her chair.

"Certainly, I won't leave you, dear. And now the bare-legged men lift the shafts, and away they go like so many sure footed ponies, crying out 'Hai! Hai!' if children are in the way."

"I think it must be nice to have horses that can understand just what you say, and can talk back, and harness and unharness themselves," said Gladys, whose father's spirited horses did not always seem to "understand."

"Yes, and Miss Bacon, who lived a long time in Japan and has written a book about it, says that these men are often perfectly devoted to those they serve. They will race up hill and down, in storm and hot sunshine, all day

long and still be patient and cheerful. And if any one dares insult his passenger the jinrickisha man will drop the shafts and punish the offender on the spot."

"O I should like that kind of a horse!" exclaimed Gladys very earnestly. "There's a perfectly dreadful dog that flies out of a yard when we ride by and scares Gyp so he almost runs away. Now if we only had a man to draw us, he could drop the shafts and whip that dog."

The girls laughed, and Miss Gay was glad to see that Gladys had become interested.

"Please tell us more about the people, Miss Alice. Are they all brown?" asked quiet Ella Brown.

"Yes, all brown." "Just like you, Ella," whispered naughty Jo. "And smaller than we Americans are," continued Miss Alice. "Where I was at school one of the students was a Japanese, and I remember he only reached the shoulder of one of the tallest boys. As we ride along we shall see that

they are a polite people, for on every side they say to us, '*O-hey-o!*' which is 'good-morning.' There are many women and children in the street, and do you see how the babies are carried? The mother, or servant, or little sister, has her charge fastened upon her back. If little sister carries it she may hop and jump as much as she pleases and the little head between her shoulders will wag from one side to the other but baby will not cry."

"Why not?" asked Lou.

"Japanese babies are very good-natured, and they are treated in this way when very young so they know nothing better. They learn to cling to the back of nurse or sister with their tiny arms and legs like so many squirrels."

"But how are they fastened on?" Ella inquired.

"Tied on with long bands of cloth. Very wealthy people employ some one to carry their babies in the arms constantly, but otherwise they ride 'pick-a-back' until they are able to walk."

"O I wish I could have a little Japa-

nese baby that wouldn't cry to carry on my back!" said Lou. "Do they wear little white dresses like Mrs. Dinsmore's baby?"

"No, their dresses are made just like those of older people, out of silk, or cotton colored goods. You wouldn't like to have your baby wear a blue or red dress, would you?"

The girls looked at each other in consternation at thought of a tiny child in a flowered silk gown.

"Tell us just how the people dress." "And what they wear on their heads and feet," were the first questions after a few minutes spent in discussing the probable appearance of a "little Jap," with the help of Miss Gay's pictures.

"I think the men and women wear gowns nearly alike. The Japanese who was in school with me used to wear his native costume when he lectured. It was straight and narrow with wide sleeves, and around the waist he wore a girdle tied loosely. This garment which he called a *kimono* came below his knees and

loose trousers, of thin material, fell to his shoes. I find that the women always wear a broad sash tied in a large knot behind as you see in this photograph. It is called an *obi.*"

"I should think she would have to take very short steps in such a narrow skirt," said Persis.

"You couldn't run races, Pert, if you had to wear it," whispered Maud.

Miss Alice heard, and smiled as she said, "Persis would find the Japanese shoes a hindrance too, I imagine. I will read you what a little American girl living in Japan wrote home about them. She says, 'I know the children's feet are just like ours, for they often go without stockings; but they don't look the same, because their socks have a separate place for the big toe, just as we do for the thumb in our mittens. When they go outdoors, without touching them with their hands, they slip their feet into wooden clogs, or straw sandals, and the thong passes between the big toe and the other toes and they can run as fast as you

can and not drop them off. Sometimes I tease for such a pair of shoes, but my toes are not used to having the strap between them and would soon get sore, but I like to borrow a pair of wooden ones and hear the clatter, clatter on the back steps.' "

"Did you say they put on those queer shoes only when they went outdoors?" asked Edith.

"Yes,—they never wear them in the house. There are supports like small blocks to keep the foot above the ground; and ladies shuffle, in walking, because it is awkward to hold the sandal, or *géta*, on with the strap."

"Do you mean that in the house the women and girls wear only their *stockings?*" persisted Edith.

"Yes, dear, Miss Bacon says they wear only the soft white *tabi*, or mitten-like sock."

"Well then, their houses can't be like ours. Just think how a pair of white stockings would look if we should have them in place of our shoes!"

"Have you noticed this narrow street

that our jinrickisha man is carrying us through?" At this point Miss Gay showed them the picture of a Japanese village.

"I think the artist ought to have waited till the people came out," said Trudie Eastman, "but do look at the funny little houses!"

"What's that fuzz on the roof?" "And where are the steps, and piazzas and front doors?"

"And chimneys! O, where are the chimneys?"

"Did you ever, ever see such a squatty little village before?"

"Now I think you are ready to visit a Japanese home," said Miss Gay, after the girls had all examined the picture and expressed their opinion.

"We will tell our horse to stop right here in the street, and you will please stand behind me. Now, as there are no doors and no bells I will call 'Go-men-na-sai;' (excuse me) until some one comes to ask us in. Now we must all take off our shoes, if we wish to be really

polite. A pretty little brown woman neatly dressed and with a flower in her glossy hair, which is done high upon her head, comes to meet us. She bows very, very low before us, putting her forehead to the mat and not minding it at all."

"We can't do that," said Trudie, "we would tumble over in a heap."

"Yes, but they have practiced ever since they were mere babies, and are as graceful as we would be awkward. She leads us through the kitchen, which is always the front room, and through other rooms to the parlor which is at the back of the house, opening upon the garden, which if it is ever so small, is nicely kept and beautiful. Now where will you sit, girls?"

"Right down on the floor with feet curled under, this way," and Persis, always ready for gymnastic exercise, dropped upon the carpet with limbs comfortably crossed and feet hidden. "But I couldn't sit that way more than three minutes, Miss Alice. I happened to know about it because when mamma and I went vis-

iting in Lockport, we saw a 'Japanese wedding,' as they called it, in a church."

"Persis has given us a very good illustration. All right, it will rest you all to try it," and twelve Pilgrims were soon seated à la Japanese, in a circle.

"The parlor floor is covered with nice white mats, so you can see how much trouble our heavy leather shoes would have made. Now I want Trudie, our Pilgrim artist, to find out how the parlor is furnished, and something about Japanese vases and pictures to tell us at our next meeting. Will you, Trudie?"

The little girl's fair face grew rosy as she replied, "Yes, Miss Alice, I will look through papa's library and see if there is anything on Japanese art."

This was a very nice answer, but I am sorry to say that Persis looked at Maud with an "Ahem!" as if to say, "Doesn't she feel fine!"

Avis held the picture of the village and said quickly, "You didn't tell us what the 'fuzz' is, on top of the houses."

"That puzzled me at first, but one of

our missionaries writes that green moss often grows upon the roofs which are made of coarse grass, and that sometimes bright flowers may be seen growing upon the ridge-pole."

"How queer! but what about the chimneys?"

"They do not use stoves like ours, Avis, but small open charcoal fires. When a missionary had her school-home made 'American fashion,' the people always referred to it as 'the house with a chimney.'"

"Isn't it interesting? I wish I could know more about the houses."

"Suppose you try to find out all you would like to know and tell us about it next Saturday," suggested Miss Gay, and Avis consented because she knew her father, who was the minister, had piles of books and magazines which she could consult, although she had never before cared to do so.

Lou had quietly lifted another picture. "I've found a funny store," said she, "and the front side is all blown away."

"Take the glass, Lou, and tell us what you see in this Japanese shop," said her aunt.

The little girl took the magnifying glass, and peeping through it exclaimed: "Bags of pop-corn all in rows! and on the right side there are four rows of cunning little cologne bottles—or something. And whisk broom-holders! and canes and fans!"

The picture was passed along and Miss Gay said, "What Lou calls pop-corn bags are small cakes in bags, which children are very fond of; and the cologne bottles are little images of a Japanese idol called *Daruma*. They say that many years ago he was a follower of Buddha who sat in a squatting position for nine years until his legs became paralyzed and he could not use them. So his image is always made without legs." Here Miss Gay lifted the cover of her work-basket and took out a funny little round headed, round bodied image, saying as she did so, "Aunt Elizabeth brought this from the World's Fair, and we have kept it as a curious kind of

puzzle. You see if you place him upon his head, he immediately turns a summersault and regains his balance." The girls gathered around the table and tried *Daruma* in various positions, but he always rolled back, and stood right side up, because inside there was a weight which held him in place.

"I have never thought that this was an idol, until since I began to study Japan," said Miss Gay, "but I find that tens of thousands are sold in Japan. The shops are always open like this, and the shopkeepers and clerks are very polite. In stores where silks and other fine goods are sold the merchant will send out a clerk with quantities of goods to the houses, and ladies can examine and make their choice without any trouble. But if they prefer to go to the stores, they find the clerks sitting upon the mats which cover the floor. The ladies are invited to sit down and tea is offered. Then small boys are sent to the fireproof warehouse to bring the beautiful silks, and they are shown to the customers. When they are ready to

leave, all the clerks and small boys shout together: 'Thanks for your continued favors.' As this is repeated for every customer, it makes quite a din."

"But how nice it must be to have the clerks so polite," said Gladys. "Mamma thinks clerks are about as saucy as they can be."

"Sometimes they are very tired, standing as they do all day. I wish we had a few Japanese mats for them to sit upon; perhaps they would be more polite," said Miss Gay.

"O here's another picture!" cried Lou.

"We will keep that for next time, for the hour is gone. There are so many, many interesting things for us to see, that we will have to spend one more hour at least in Japan. I wish you would all see what you can bring in to illustrate our trip. Have you enjoyed going abroad, to-day?"

"Yes ma'am, it's fine!" "I wish the hour was longer." "I shall tell my mother that if she could come here she wouldn't say that everything about mis-

sions is dry as dust," said one and another as they laid their patchwork in nice order upon the table.

"Aunt Alice," said Lou, with a troubled face, "do you remember that you left our jinrick'sha man waiting for us?"

They all laughed at the funny idea,—as if an imaginary man could get tired,—but Miss Gay gravely handed Lou several *sens* from the minister's collection. "Pay him, Lou, and tell him we will ride again next week." The little girl drew a long breath, and glanced around shyly as she took the money.

"You're laughing at me, I know, but I 'magined he was standing right out there 'side of that house."

"I guess we're real pilgrims then, and we *can* go round the world in our rocking-chairs," said Avis as she hugged Lou. She was rewarded by one of the little girl's sweetest kisses, and a confidential whisper "right in her ear."

"Ask her yourself," she replied. "O Aunt Alice," said Lou, "I wanted Avis to ask you if you wouldn't please *please*

let her sister Winnie come next time and bring her doll. She can sit beside me, and we'll be still as two mice."

"What do you say, Pilgrims? Shall we let Lou's dearest playmate come in? All in favor raise your hands."

There was a unanimous vote in favor, and Lou kissed every girl in the class in her delight.

# III

## STILL IN JAPAN

TRUDIE EASTMAN had been true to her promise. She had crouched in one corner beside her father's bookcases turning the leaves of every book that promised to tell about "Japanese art." But you will not be surprised when I tell you that she had to glean a little here and a little there, for it is hard to find just what one wants in one place.

She brought the result of her earnest effort in a neatly written paper, which Miss Gay called for as soon as the opening exercises were over, and the Pilgrims had taken their patchwork.

"I begun with the parlor, Miss Alice, and I hope you'll excuse me if I've written too much," she said, and then read as follows: "We did not find much in that Japanese guest room. There were no

chairs, sofas, tables, pictures—like ours, I mean—books, piano or tidies. There were soft white mats on the floor. We sat down in our stocking feet upon our heels. There was one part of the room which was higher than the rest, and in that was a vase of flowers. Above it hung a scroll—or I think we would call it a kind of banner on which was painted a picture of their mountain Fujiyama, and a landscape. The Japanese daughter painted it, and I asked her how she did it. She said that she had to take writing lessons first, and learn to hold her little brush just right with very steady fingers. Then her old master took a sheet of paper and painted upon it three blades of grass. He did it in a minute, but she had to work many hours before she could make them with the same number of strokes that he did. After a long time she could make them from memory just right and then he gave her another lesson.

"We praised her picture of Fujiyama, and they brought in tea and cakes. The

Japanese make beautiful vases and all kinds of porcelain and lacquer work. But they do not make them in factories. The men and women and children work in their little homes with very simple tools. They make fans and paper lanterns and toys of all kinds, and with just a few strokes of their little brushes they can make a man or a woman or some birds and a green tree upon these things. When I really go to Japan I shall try to make pictures myself, and shall learn how they work. Then I read about their love for flowers and how it is an art to arrange bouquets, and girls take many lessons that they may do it just right. I think that the Japanese with their politeness, and pictures, and vases, and little teacups are truly artistic."

The Pilgrims cheered Trudie, and indeed she deserved it, for her simple little essay had cost hours of research.

"Now Avis, what can you tell us about the Japanese homes?" asked Miss Gay.

"I did not write it down, but I will tell it as well as I can," Avis replied. "I

THE WRITING LESSON

found that the walls of their houses can slide apart like folding doors. They shut them up at night, and take their quilts and lie down upon the mats to sleep. The ladies, whose hair is done up in loops and over little cushions, have supports of wood for pillows,—just hollowed out to fit their necks, so the hair is kept nice for several days. Well, in the morning after the beds are folded and laid away, then the sliding shutters are opened and they sweep and dust before breakfast."

"What do they have for breakfast? That's what I'd like to know," said Joanna.

"Soup and rice, I think."

"That reminds me," said Miss Gay. "Our Japanese student said he never drank milk in his own country except for medicine. He also said that after he came to America some one persuaded him to taste a bit of butter. 'Oh!' he exclaimed with a wry face, 'I washed my mouth out very much!' But they eat a great deal of fish, and they can buy a

peck of oysters for a few *sen*. I asked him what he would think if he had to pay twenty cents for a pint. 'I think that wicked, very wicked!' he said. He was greatly amused on Thanksgiving day when the turkeys were brought in. 'You say turkey? I paid twenty-five *sen* to *see* one in my home—Japan. It was on exhibition,' he said. Go on, Avis, we hope you have more to tell us."

"Yes, I read that they rip their dresses apart, usually, to wash them. Then they must be made over, so they have sewing enough all the time. For thimbles they use funny little straw rings, wound with silk threads. But I forgot, Miss Alice. I was going to tell how the boys begin the day. He—the Japanese boy—goes to his father's room, kneels outside of the paper screens, opens them and bows till his forehead hits the mat. Then he says, 'Good-morning, sir; how is your honorable health?' His father answers, and the boy says, 'what is your honorable pleasure?' O I tell you the Japanese children mind their fathers and mothers!

Mamma said she thought we might learn a good lesson from them."

"Well done, Avis, you have made good use of your eyes. Now here are some pictures. This one is a jelly peddler. All kinds of wares are sold in Japanese cities, and this man has sweet jelly in the upper drawer of his stand, and a six or eight sided glass in the lower one. If the mother buys jelly for her child, they will have the privilege of looking through the glass, and seem to see as many images as there are sides."

"I don't think that is a very nice looking image," said Mary Ellen.

"No, it is an *oni* or imp. The children are taught that these imps live in a terrible place, ready to pull out the tongues of those who tell falsehoods, and to make disobedient children sit on mountains of needles.

"Children can buy any kind of dainty that they fancy of these peddlers if they have the money. Some of them have dolls, and dolls are also to be found in the

shops, and in March, every year, they have a doll festival."

"I move we learn about dolls," said Edith, enthusiastically.

Miss Gay smiled. "I thought you would think of that, but if you will be patient, I have a plan which I think will give *us* a 'Doll Festival' all in good time."

"O goody! when can we have it?"

"Perhaps not until after vacation. We will see. Now you have seen the bright things in Japan, and I suspect you are ready to believe what travellers tell us, that it is really 'Children's Paradise.' But I don't believe there is any Paradise in these days where the children's best Friend is not found. So, Pilgrims, we will find our nice jinrickisha man and let him take us to some of the temples."

Lou and her dear friend Winnie had been listening a part of the time, sewing a little, and smiling a good deal; but when Lou heard "jinrickisha" she whispered, "Now it's going to be nice!"

"Come Lou and Winnie, you shall

ride with me. Can any of you tell me the capital of Japan?"

"Tokyo!" said a chorus of voices.

"Well, the jelly peddler belongs in Tokyo, so let us imagine we have come from Yokahama in the night. But now I am going in the jinrickisha with you to see the largest idol in Japan, and perhaps in the world. It is not many miles from Tokyo.

"Away go our brown man-horses with a 'Hai! Hai!' and away run the little people out of the street on their clattering clogs. You see as we leave the city the roads are not like ours, but still good enough for our narrow carriages. But Lou! what are these curious things floating above us?"

"A big, funny looking man," giggled Lou, as she bent over the picture in her aunt's hand.

"No, no! those are kites. Our Japanese student said that boys and even men in his country had a 'spring fever' for kite flying. Some of their kites are very large,—twenty feet long and half as

wide. They are brilliantly painted, and represent women, warriors, dragons, fairies, horses and ships. I think this is a warrior."

"O, Miss Alice, I was telling papa that we were travelling in Japan, and he said he hoped you wouldn't forget to tell us what fighters the Japs were, and how they whipped the Chinese," said Gladys.

"I am glad you reminded me of that, Gladys, for the Japanese are truly a patriotic people. One of their own writers, who is now a Christian, says his people are a race of hero worshippers. The mothers tell their little ones about the noble deeds of their ancient heroes, and say, 'Go and do likewise.' The fathers give their sons a military training, and every man in Japan is supposed to be ready to die in defense of his Emperor, the Mikado, at any moment."

"Papa says the boys in the school sing the very same patriotic songs that we sing. They have learned our 'Marching Thro' Georgia' for one."

At a motion from Miss Alice, Edith

flew to the piano in the back-parlor, and the next minute twelve little pilgrims were out of their jinrickishas and joining in the grand old song. But they hopped back again, like a flock of sparrows eager for crumbs, and Miss Gay passed out a large picture of "Daibutsu, the Great Buddha."

"This idol is made of bronze, and is six hundred and forty years old. You see it is sitting, but even in that posture it is fifty feet high. More than eight times as tall as your papa, Gladys. Its *ear* is six feet, six inches and a half long. On its head are nine hundred and twenty curls. Inside of this idol, where its lungs would be if it had any, is a temple in which are small idols and places to burn incense. In its back are two prayer frames, to which written prayers are tied. You cannot see in this picture the prayer boards, but there are some, about as large as doors, on each side of the walk leading to the idol. When the people come up to worship, they have their prayers written on strips of paper.

They chew these into round balls and then throw them at the boards. If they stick, Buddha has heard and will answer. If they fall off they think he has not heard."

"O dear me! Aren't they simple? But please Miss Alice, who was Buddha anyway?" asked Maud.

"Many, many years ago there lived a man in India who wanted to help the people to be good. He left his parents and wife and children and went into the mountains where he stayed a long while with wise teachers. Finally he came down to the people, and taught them that the only way to be happy is to become insensible to everything around them. He also taught that when a person dies he only enters into another body, and so continues to die and be born again until finally he reaches a state of perfect rest. He had one hundred and eight seeds of a sacred tree strung, and said that any one who would repeat Buddha's name and a few other words over each bead two hundred thou-

sand times every day would have a clean heart. Buddhists have always counted beads and said prayers since then. His teachings spread to Japan, Siam, China and other countries."

"But if he was a good man and died, why do they worship his image?" asked Avis.

"Because Buddha said he would leave to the first wooden image that was made of him, the work of converting the world. I do not know, but suppose they think the thousands of other images are to help in some way."

"And do the children worship this idol?"

"Yes, Lizzie, they are taught that Buddha will be pleased or displeased with everything they do. Idols are all around them,—in the homes, the temples and in little shrines beside the road, and they know nothing better."

"I thought last Saturday I 'most wished we lived in Japan, but now I don't, because they haven't any Jesus," whispered Lou.

"Jesus is hunting for them, and calling them, Lou, and we must help Him to find them," said Miss Alice, as she drew out another picture. "What do you see here?" she asked, handing it to Mary Ellen, who rarely spoke unless she was asked a question.

"I see a gateway and steps and a house farther in. A man stands on the steps with something in his hand, and a woman with a baby in her arms and another woman behind her are going towards him."

"The baby is a month old and has been brought to the Shinto temple to be placed in charge of the god of this temple," said Miss Alice. The old priest carries a wand, with strips of white paper fastened to it. He will clap his hands to drive evil spirits away, then he will wave this wand before the shrine, offer prayers, and after this the child is supposed to be under the care of that special god."

"But they *love* babies in Japan, don't they?" asked little Winnie, almost frightened at the sound of her own voice.

"Yes, dear, they do love them, and up to the time that baby is carried to the temple he is visited by friends who bring him many presents. But Winnie, they would never teach them to worship gods made of wood or bronze or mud, if they knew our Jesus. Now we will take our jinrickishas again and ride back to Tokyo, and visit a very famous temple. We will pay our nice brown 'ricksha men, and here we are in the famous Asakusa temple. This is a picture of the inside, with its priest and lanterns and curious collection of gifts from the people, but I want to tell you about the outside first. Japanese children go any day to say their prayers, for there are hundreds of gods here. As they come up the broad stone pavement, they buy little dishes of grain to feed the sacred doves which are flying all about. On entering the temple the children stop and wash their hands and rinse their mouths as a sign of cleansing. Then they strike a gong with a hammer, or ring a bell by pulling a long rope, to call the

god's attention. Next they throw some money into a large box and kneel down beside a closed door, behind which is the shrine. Some of them will clap and rub their hands while they pray, and others count their beads."

"Isn't that a dreadful lonesome way to pray?" said Ella, with a sigh.

"That is a very good word, Ella, for I believe it just expresses idol worship. The most interesting idol in this temple is the old pain-god. People who are sick worship it. If they have a backache—and the little Japanese girls who carry heavy babies know what that is,—they rub the back of the idol and then their own, expecting to be cured. Many Japanese children have weak or sore eyes, and the idol's eyes have been entirely rubbed away, so many mothers have tried in that way to get help. Not only its eyes, but its nose and cheeks and lips, have all been rubbed off, until its head is nothing but a smooth, dark, dirty ball."

"But the people ache just the same, don't they?"

"Yes, Lou, they might as well rub a gate-post, but as one poor woman said, 'It has always been done,' and so they know no better. I forgot to tell you that at the outer gate are two tall hideous idols. These 'keep the gate,' and are worshipped by travelers who have made a safe and prosperous journey. Straw sandals are always hanging around them, some of them almost worn out, to show that people have come a long distance to visit the temple. All around the temple are parks and pleasure grounds, where many beautiful things are seen. If we go to Nikko we shall find many temples and hundreds of idols."

"Are we going to visit the mission schools to-day, Miss Alice?"

All eyes were directed towards the little clock whose hands said it was almost four.

"This hour is the very, very shortest in the whole week," said Joanna. "O we have had almost an hour and a half to-day, Jo. Don't you remember? We begin at half past two."

"My brother Sam says he thinks we might let the boys come. He's just as curious as he can be," said Persis.

"Charlie wants to come dreadfully, I know he does, but I told him the boys wouldn't behave," added Lizzie.

Lou was evidently reminded of affairs in her own home by these remarks for she suddenly turned away from Winnie, with very wide open eyes.

"So does Ned!" she exclaimed. "And he said a dreadful thing about us the other day. He said we wasn't Pilgrims, *but-we-was-Globe-Trotters!* He and Guy Brent said so—both of 'em."

This announcement did not have exactly the effect Lou had expected, for even her aunt joined in the laugh which followed as she said, "Perhaps we *are* Globe-Trotters, little Lou, but you tell Ned we are enjoying ourselves wonderfully. I am afraid Ned and the other boys would want to run away from our party to play ball, or perhaps ride away on their wheels, if we let them join us,

TEMPLE OF IEYASU, NIKKO, JAPAN

but we will try to find a chance for them by and by."

"I called my wheel a jinrickisha this afternoon, and told it to bring me straight here," said Persis.

"O Pert, there's plenty of time to ride now before dark. Let's go out to Gordon's grove for trailing arbutus," said Maud, and away ran the two friends.

"They ride the same wheel," said Avis with a smile. "Pert rides a little ways and sits down till Maud catches up, and then she walks awhile and Maud takes the wheel."

"Can't Maud's father afford to buy one for her?" asked Gladys, with a slight curl of the lip.

"I'm afraid not. You know Dr. Barton isn't very well off," replied Avis.

"I've got two," said Gladys, and then she put on her pretty new hat and tripped away with faithful Mary Ellen at her heels.

"Fiddle-dee-dee!" exclaimed Joanna.

"Why can't we all have horses and carriages and bicycles? Come on, Trudie, pilgrims ought to be satisfied if they have a pair of good feet."

# IV

## THE PILGRIMS VISIT MISSION SCHOOLS

I MUST tell you a funny thing that happened the very day after the Pilgrims visited idols and temples in Japan. The Sunday-school had sung and prayer was being offered by the superintendent, when Lou touched her aunt's arm and whispered softly, "Aunt Alice, Mr. Dinsmore doesn't put his hand over his eyes or anything. Don't you think he's engaged in idle worship?"

"Why, what do you mean?" said Miss Gay, somewhat startled.

"I mean he's *idle;* just looking at his boots. Shouldn't you think he'd be ashamed?"

It was fortunate that Mr. Stebbins said "Amen" at that moment, for Miss Gay was laughing.

"Dear child!" she whispered, "when we talk about idol worship we mean pray-

ing to idols. It is very different from being idle,—that is, not doing anything. Spell 'idle,' Lou."

"I-d-l-e!"

"Now spell idol such as we talked about yesterday."

But this was beyond the little girl's knowledge, so kind Aunt Alice printed it on the edge of her lesson paper, and she never made that mistake again.

While they were reciting their lesson Avis said, "Miss Alice, I can understand the Bible a little better, I think, since we begun to be Pilgrims. I can seem to see the people as they are in other countries, and I know a little bit how Paul must have felt when he went out amongst the heathen."

"And if you are learning that in Japan, I am sure you will get a great deal more help in the other places we visit," replied Miss Gay.

"Our school-teacher thinks we've been learning something useful," added Lizzie. "We had Japan in our review the other day, and she asked questions that

nobody could answer but Lydia and me. She said she wondered who told us so many things."

It made Miss Gay very happy to know that her girls were learning about the great outside world, but there were some among her friends who thought she was foolish to give her time to them and to mission countries. Kate Matthews was her very best friend, but Kate had hardly been up to see her for two weeks. They went out of the church together that day, and Miss Gay said, "Kate, why haven't you been to see me?"

"O I thought you might be studying your geography lesson or trying to convert a heathen," Kate responded with a laugh that was not really pleasant.

"I give only an hour a day to our Pilgrim studies," responded Alice, "and Katie, you would be interested I am sure. I went to that splendid Mrs. Brigham in the other church for books and magazines, and she lends me everything. O you've no idea how much our people are losing by shutting out everything about

foreign missions. Why, I'm ashamed of my ignorance when I find there is so much to learn!"

"'Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise,'" laughed Kate. "Of course it's dreadful to have so many heathen in the world,—I feel a little uncomfortable over it myself when I stumble on to those dreadful figures that they put in some of the papers,—but I can't help matters any. And why need you begin to work up a sentiment in our church?"

"Why Katie, I'm not working up a sentiment. I'm just taking a round-the-world-trip with my little Pilgrims," said Alice.

Kate shook her head. "You needn't tell me. Your girls are spreading what they learn, all about. I dare say those infants just ahead of us have heard enough to catch the fever."

"O those are Ella Brown's brothers, aren't they?"

"Yes, they're the 'twinnies.' I think I will ask them if Ella has told them about the Panjandrum that eats little boys."

"Kate Matthews!" exclaimed Alice. But there was no chance to ask questions, for at that moment little Ellis stubbed his toe and fell forward heavily. Willis helped him up, and discovered a cut upon his forehead. Miss Gay tried to soothe the little fellow, who was crying lustily. "It isn't very bad, dear," she said. "I'm so glad it didn't hit your temple."

"Where's his temple?" asked Willis, who was crying to keep his little brother company.

Ellis suddenly checked his sobs and looked around indignantly. "There ain't any temple on my forehead! I ain't a heathen," he exclaimed.

"There! there! what did I tell you? Who put that idea into his small head?" asked Miss Matthews, triumphantly.

"Ella did," explained Willis, taking his brother's hand, and walking on soberly, while Ellis began to cry just where he had left off.

Miss Gay only said, "Come up and see us some Saturday, Kate, and you will want to join the company. All you need

is a staff, a wallet, and a willing mind."

The next Saturday was a lovely day in early May. All over the great hills that outlined Rockside, was a light green tint which told of myriads of new unsoiled leaves. The sky was blue as a robin's egg, and terrace street lawns were green and soft.

Bluebirds and robins were holding an afternoon concert in the tall elms before Miss Gay's home, and the Pilgrims watched them as they loitered on the granite steps. Lou came hopping across the lawn from her own home.

"Somebody's moving into that pretty house over there," said she.

Next to Miss Gay's was a stately house dressed in gray and green, which had stood empty since the death of a certain banker. But now, doors were open, boxes were being carried in and a colored woman in a big white turban was washing windows.

"I hope there'll be a little girl," added Lou.

"Did you almost dread to come in out of the sunshine?" asked Miss Alice as they entered the hall. But not a Pilgrim would admit that she wished to remain outside. No it was "nicer" in that cheery dining-room with their beloved leader, who appeared to-day in a lovely new pink waist. Beside each little girl's patchwork was a great open-eyed pansy, such as Miss Alice loved and petted.

"'Pansies are for thoughts,'" she quoted, "which means that to-day we are to think and talk about missions in Japan. I have asked Ella to read about their beginnings after our opening exercises."

"There are forty-two million people in Japan," Ella began, "and it claims to be the oldest Empire in the world. In 1549 Francis Xavier, a famous Jesuit missionary went there and won a great many to the Catholic faith. But his Jesuit helpers tried to get control of the government, and the Japanese put to death or expelled all the Christians they could find. They also made a law that no Christian should

be bold enough to set foot in Japan 'as long as the sun warmed the earth.'

"In 1853, Commodore Perry sailed from the United States and secured a treaty which allowed American ships to go there. In 1859 several churches sent missionaries to Japan, and in 1872 the first native church was formed. Since then a good many missionaries have gone there, and great progress has been made. There are now more than forty thousand Protestant Christians which is less than one for every thousand people."

"Now we are ready to show you how these missionaries work," said Miss Gay. "Here are some jolly little kindergartners in Tokyo. You see it is true in Japan as everywhere, that if the very little children are rightly educated they are more likely to make good men and women. So kindergartens have been started in various places. What kind of people do our missionaries usually work among?"

This was a new idea, but after a few

SOME JOLLY LITTLE KINDERGARTENERS

minutes of thought Avis answered, "The poor people I think."

"That is true. Once in a while the hearts of the wealthy are touched by the blessed Gospel, but much oftener we can only work to help lift up those who are really in need. There are a great many poor people in Japan. Wages are so very low that those who draw the jinrickishas and many who do coarse and heavy work can hardly support their families. From these we get many of our scholars, although I think these tots are from more comfortable homes."

"They look as plump as robins," said Trudie.

"Here is another kindergarten in Hakodate. They are just ready for a singing lesson. When they are taught so young they learn to sing very nicely, but the real Japanese singing sounds very harsh to us. Do you notice the little fellow in the teacher's lap? He had been sick, and the missionary called one day to see him and asked what he remembered of what he had learned at school.

Then, instead of telling about some game, Sayo Chan folded his little hands and repeated the Lord's prayer.

"The teachers of this kindergarten are all Japanese girls who have been educated in mission schools, so you see how the seed that has been sown has already borne fruit.

"The government of Japan provides good schools in all its large cities, and every morning school bells ring, and bright boys and girls fill the streets as with us."

"Then I shouldn't think missionaries would need to go there," said Joanna.

"There are two reasons, I think, why a good many should go just now. Japan, in spite of its politeness and its many pleasant things is very wicked. It is turning away from its idols, to some extent, and will be an infidel nation unless Christianity saves it. Then again, the poor people are so needy. They are the ones who get least benefit from the new civilization, and most benefit from the teachings of Christ and His messengers.

So you see it is a critical time in Japan's history, and if we saw it clearly I think we would want to help establish Christian schools and churches all over the land. But would you like to know more about these school children? And *what* would you like to know?"

"About their studies," said Lizzie.

"I'd like to know how they dress and what they eat for lunch," said Gladys.

"And I would like to hear more about their singing," added Edith.

"Well, at this time in the year they start for school about seven o'clock. They carry their books, pens, paper and other things nicely wrapped in a large handkerchief. When they reach the schoolhouse they slip off their wooden clogs, and put on straw sandals. Their writing is in Chinese characters, and there are about ten thousand of them in constant use. So children have to begin early and study many years in order to read intelligently. But in these days there are geographies and story books, and in many

schools the English language, to learn, so they have quite a variety.

"They learn how to use brush, pen and pencil very skillfully. They also have a kind of history which is largely stories of heroes who lived many years ago. This is to teach them to be patriotic. During the war between Japan and China the schoolboys were intensely interested, and one of them wrote a letter to a New York paper, which I came across yesterday. He says, after telling of their sacrifices, 'All shouted alikely "battle!" Without distinction man, woman, and old, young, just cry out "Give free to us unless death!" like your noblest ancestors for independent, to escape from oppression bond. My dear boys and girls of United State, show your sympathy to us, because a God will give happiness to one who help the justice of our cause.'"

"I hope they will win all their battles if they feel like that," said Gladys. "I shall tell father about that letter."

"These Japanese schools are divided into primary, higher primary and middle

schools, but the girls can only go to the primary. So you see there is another reason for Christian girls' schools. Now as to dress, Gladys, the children wear their own neat and becoming native dress except that many of the boys wear 'foreign caps,' as they call them. The girls go bare-headed as all women and girls do in Japan."

"Oh!" sighed Joanna, "mustn't that be splendid? No fussy, blowy feathers and bows! I just *suffer* in my new hat."

"I hope the Japanese will be wise enough not to give up their fashions for ours. When it is very cold, I think the girls tie a kind of scarf around their heads.

"There are some old-fashioned Japanese schools, of course, and in those the pupils sit on the floor upon mats and have tiny tables for desks. When their master enters the room, the boys form in line, make him a very low bow and wish him good-morning. These boys study aloud and recite one at a time. Their copy books are pieces of paper about a yard

long, and when they have written upon them with brushes dipped in India ink, they have to hang them up on the walls to dry.

"The scholars carry luncheons of cold rice with a bit of fish or vegetable which they eat at noon with chopsticks. They drink tea instead of water, and every schoolhouse has a place to boil the water."

"O the funny things! Mamma won't let me drink the least speck of tea," said Lou.

"Perhaps the little Japs aren't nervous like us Americans," remarked Ella, wisely.

"Edith wanted to know about their singing. The children are very fond of it, and as I have told you, they have borrowed some of our patriotic tunes. But to hear singing that you would enjoy you must go to the mission schools. Here they have the best teachers, and learn how to play and sing like girls here at home. Look at the bright faces in this picture, and I am sure you will believe it.

"Our missionaries teach the girls to be heroic Christians; not only to love their country but to love Christ best of all.

"Many and many a poor neglected girl has been saved and has grown to be beautiful and useful, who would have been sold to a sad and wicked life but for the missionaries. Several of these nice Japanese students have already been in this country to finish their education, and have gone back to teach.

"Here is a picture of the nurse-girls' school in Hirosaki. Will you please point out that city on the map? Yes, it is in the north where they have cold winters. Well, the missionaries found up there many little girls whose parents were very poor, and who were 'hired out' to carry other people's babies upon their backs. They could not go to school, and were growing up perfectly ignorant. So a school was started for them.

"At first the little nurses brought the babies, but as this was rather disturbing, when they began to learn they would manage to get an hour for themselves,

and then how they would study! They soon learned to read and write and to sing. They also learned to sew, and those girls at the left of the picture are holding up the cloth on which they have been trying to make even and pretty stitches."

The Pilgrims suddenly became interested in their patchwork, and Joanna paused to pick out a few long stitches.

"Here is another picture of a Christian Japanese family. They are all Christians, the missionary writes, even to the little boy in his mother's lap. One day some one asked him whose dear child he was, and he quickly replied, 'I am God's dear child!' Now girls, no boy or girl in Japan would ever think of saying, 'I am Buddha's dear child!' No, it is our religion of love and of purity which will give Japan happy homes. Some time you may know better than I can tell you now, what it means for a Japanese woman to know that her husband is a true Christian.

"But before we leave Japan I must

A NURSE GIRLS' SCHOOL

show you some Bible women and tell you what they do. These are at work in the northern part of the country, and are in their winter costume. These women —and many others—go out into heathen homes and read the Bible and pray with the poor and the blind and sick,— wherever they find an open door. They help the missionaries and native pastors in school and church work and receive but very little money for their services. Some of them have worked bravely to help build little churches. And what do you suppose they and the other Christian women do to earn money?"

"I can't guess, for you haven't told us of any work that women do except to keep house and fix bouquets and paint pictures," said Avis.

"True enough! I think there are hardly any trades for women. The very poor women outside the cities help take care of the rice fields, but I am sure there are but few ways for them to earn money. But these Christians began to make book marks which were sent to America and

sold. Mrs. Brigham told me about it, and said they had built their 'book-mark church,' with the help of the missionary. That was in the old city of Nagoya."

"I like the Japanese people," said Avis thoughtfully. "It seems to me they are a good deal like us, and it seems very strange that they can worship idols when they are so bright."

"Just what I think," agreed Ella. "And I think I would like to give our two patchwork dollars to send a little Japanese girl to a kindergarten."

"I would rather help those poor women build churches. Then the people would know that there's something better than pain-gods and other dreadful images."

"Wouldn't it be best to write to a missionary, Miss Alice, and see what needs doing most?"

"Dear girls," and there was a little tremble in her voice, "how perfectly natural it is to want to help when we know about things. But we won't decide to-day. Next week we shall be in China, and see what needs doing there. But

have you noticed that our patchwork is almost finished? Gran'ma Hunter is ready to pay for the work, and has more for us if we are willing to do it."

"What is it? I move that we do," said Joanna.

Miss Alice's eyes twinkled as she looked around the circle.

"Carpet rags," she said.

# V

## THE PILGRIMS VISIT CHINA

TWELVE little red boxes stood on the dining table, and a big basket in front of it when the Pilgrims came into the room the next Saturday, after removing macintoshes and rubbers in the hall. For it was raining in a steady businesslike way, as if it meant to moisten the earth clear down where seeds had been planted, to help them grow.

"What in the world?" and Edith pointed at boxes and basket.

"Please, Miss Alice, can I have a needle and some blue thread? Pert has torn her dress," said Maud.

"Part cotton, isn't it? It doesn't pay to buy cheap goods, does it?" and Gladys seated herself, shaking out her pretty plaid gown complacently.

"It isn't—it wasn't cheap!" cried Persis, her cheeks growing red and hot. "My

mother paid seventy-five cents a yard, and it's good enough for a school-dress, so now!"

"I didn't say it wasn't. I suppose it's a matter of taste."

Mary Ellen giggled as she did at everything Gladys said. "Pert tears her clothes so much she can't afford very good ones," said she.

"Don't say anything, Mary Ellen Fairbrother!" sputtered Persis. "Perhaps if I had dresses given me to make over I might have better ones."

This hit Mary Ellen, whose stepmother had rich relatives who helped furnish the family wardrobe.

"Girls!" exclaimed Miss Gay, placing a warning hand upon Mary Ellen's shoulder, "are we going to bring the storm indoors? We are peaceable Pilgrims, and here we are, ready to take China! Mrs. Brigham has sent over these dear little mite boxes to catch the stray pennies at your homes, and each one is to see what can be done to help others by denying ourselves the things we do not need.

Then here are Gran'ma Hunter's carpet rags. She has paid the two dollars for patchwork, and will pay ten cents a ball for all we will cut and sew and wind of these rags."

"I think rags are dirty, and my mother wouldn't like to have me touch them," said Gladys."

"These are not dirty. Gran'ma Hunter has had them beaten and washed;—all these coats and trousers are nicely cleaned. It means a little effort on our part, but we are working to send the Light;—and we are 'forget-me-nots,' aren't we?"

Miss Gay brought an apron to tie over Gladys' pretty dress, and they were soon busily at work with scissors and needles, some cutting the strips, some sewing them together, and others winding them.

"Now while we work Avis is going to show us the way into China and tell us a few things that we ought to know about the big family we shall find there," said Miss Gay.

Avis took the pointer and showed on the map how one could sail from Japan

to Foochow, and then she read a paper which she had carefully prepared.

"We have now reached the great Chinese Empire, said to contain almost four hundred million people, more than six times as many as live in the United States. The capital is Peking, and the Emperor and Empress Dowager live there. He is a Tartar, because China was conquered in 1644, by the Tartars. The people are Mongolians or yellow skinned, and they are short and stout. They have high cheek bones, rather flat noses and thick lips, small black eyes and black hair. The men and boys shave the front of their heads, and wear their hair braided in a long queue behind. Little girls arrange their hair in funny braids, and tie them with red silk strings. Women twist the hair high and wear ornamental pins and flowers in it. Men and women dress quite a good deal alike, in loose trousers and double-breasted tunics, which often reach below the knee. Poor people wear black or dark blue cotton garments, but the rich ones have silks and beautiful

embroideries. Here in China is where little girls have their feet bound, but I did not find out how it is done. The people are fond of learning, but the men do not think girls and women have any minds or souls, so they do not let them go to school."

"Horrid things!" exclaimed Joanna, who was cutting brass buttons off from an old army overcoat. "If I lived over there then I'd let them know I could learn as well as a boy."

And then a very queer thing happened. There was an explosive boy's laugh heard in the back parlor, and Miss Gay quickly drew the portière, and behold! three boys,—Ned Leslie, Charlie Wheeler and Sam Taylor, were exposed to view.

"It rained, Aunt Alice, and we wanted to hear what the Globe-Trotters said," explained Ned, his face very red and his eyes full of pleading.

"Please let 'em stay, Aunt Alice," added Lou, "Ned wants to ever so bad, and then he'll know once for all."

THE WOMEN WEAR ORNAMENTAL PINS AND FLOWERS

"Well, girls," and Miss Gay turned to the surprised group, "these young burglars ask the privilege of listening while we talk. Shall we let them stay?"

"Yes, ma'am, only make 'em pay a fine," responded Persis.

"And help cut carpet rags," added Avis.

Out of pockets well filled with string, lead pencils, bits of chalk and a variety of other useful articles, some pennies were finally selected to pay the fine.

"Let's put them in Lou's mite box, because she's littlest," Ella suggested.

"I'll give you a nickel if you'll give me those buttons you're cutting off," said Sam Taylor, with a nod towards Persis.

"What for? What you going to do with 'em?" asked the other boys.

"Collection. You see such things 're growing rare, and I've got some scrip money and confederate money, and O, lots of things."

"Have you any Chinese money?" inquired Miss Gay, "because Mrs. Brigham

has given me ten of their *cash* to sell. Three cents will buy one."

Sam's eyes glistened, and he began to search his pockets through again. Finally he sold a pencil sharpener to Ned for the lacking cent, and laid his Chinese cash beside the army buttons with great satisfaction.

All were interested in examining the dark bits of money, each with a square hole in the middle, and the other boys bought some to begin a "collection," as that seemed the thing to do.

"The Chinese carry their money to market in strings, hung over their shoulders," Miss Alice explained. "It takes eleven cash to equal in value one of our cents, so, when a great many are to be taken from one point to another, a donkey carries the load. Mrs. Brigham has a cash that was made before the Christian era. The age can be told by the dynasty, whose mark is on the money. But Avis, dear, you had not finished your paper."

"There is only a little more," and she

finished by reading, "The climate of China varies like our own. The scenery in some parts is very beautiful. They manufacture a great deal of silk, and raise tea which is a source of considerable wealth. I think it would be interesting to trace the life of a boy and a girl for one thing, that we may learn how they really live."

"A very good idea, Avis, and just in line with my thought. Here are pictures of the tea plant, and here are the babies. This is a winter cradle,—some like an old fashioned churn,—and he stands in it until he is strong enough to walk. Here is another baby, and here is still another. I have a bit to read to you about the small Chinese. 'There is great joy when a boy baby is born in China. Congratulations and presents are sent, and many bunches of fire crackers are exploded. The name given may be Little Stupid, Vagabond, or even Little Sister if the parents are very proud of him, for they think they can deceive the evil spirits by giving the baby such a name, so they

will not harm him. When he is a month old an important ceremony takes place. A barber is called and his head is shaved. There is a feast, and his grandmother comes hobbling in upon her tiny feet to present a cap for his little bare head. Around the rim are figures of Buddha's disciples who will keep away evil. When he is a year old there is another feast, and he is given a pair of shoes with cats' heads embroidered upon the toes, that he may be sure footed like pussy. The great event of the day is when he is placed at a table upon which are emblems of various occupations. There is a mandarin's button and necklace, an inkslab and pens, books and many other things. If the baby grasps a book or writing materials the friends rejoice, for that means he is to be a literary man. When he is six years old he is sent to school, after the fortune teller has decided that it is a "lucky day" for him to begin.' Ned, will you read about his school days?"

Ned was thirteen years old, and was very careful not to do anything that be-

longed to a *little* boy, but he was fond of Aunt Alice, and really interested to know about Chinese schoolboys, so he took the paper willingly and read.

"'Foh Kung, which means Root of Happiness, has his hair braided in one long plait which hangs down his back. He wears a light blue cotton sack with big wide sleeves into which he puts his treasures, full loose trousers, shoes with white soles an inch thick, and carries his books wrapped up in a strip of cloth. He is taken to school by his father or some friend, and is taught to worship at the tablet of Confucius, which hangs upon the wall. Then he kneels and bows low to his future teacher, knocking his head upon the floor. After considerable ceremony the boy is placed upon a high stool beside a desk and his education begins. He is first taught to make Chinese characters on squares of red paper. When little Root of Happiness is learning his lessons he shouts them aloud, as do all the other boys in school, making a great din. He recites alone, and stands with

his back to the teacher. This is called 'backing the book.' When lunch time comes, he eats his cold rice and drinks his bowl of hot tea, for the teacher sees that there is plenty of hot water in the great pewter tea pot on his desk so that all may have their tea. Root of Happiness learns by heart the precepts of Confucius, who was a great Chinese philosopher. He can commit to memory much better than an American schoolboy, but he does not know how to use his reason nearly as well.' Well, Aunt Alice, they must be a queer lot, those Chinese schoolboys, but they seem to have fairly good times."

"These boys come from the better class, Ned, but thousands of poor people in China cannot do as much as this for their children. Still, the boys are so much better off than the girls that they may be considered fortunate."

At that moment Persis uttered a cry, and all eyes were turned upon her. "Miss Alice, it's a ten dollar bill—sewed inside this old army coat!" she exclaimed

excitedly, holding out a paper which had been folded small and flat.

"Is it good? Will Gran'ma Hunter want it?" "Has it been there ever since the war?" they inquired, and Sam remarked, as they all crowded close around the table,

"Probably her husband put it there to keep it from the Rebs, and forgot all about it."

"It was sewed in ever so nice," said Persis.

"It's a '63 bill," added Ned.

"We will send it to Gran'ma Hunter and see if she ever knew about it. Yes, it is hers of course," said Miss Gay.

It was Sam who volunteered to run down the hill at once with it, and, taking an umbrella, he dashed away through the rain.

It was not many minutes before he was back again, explaining breathlessly that she never would have found it, and the Pilgrims should have it for their very own. Then there was great rejoicing!

"We won't give this up for the church

debt, will we?" said Joanna, whose father had never felt easy, lest the girls should in some way raise a little money for the heathen.

"No, this is our very own, and I cannot help feeling that our dear heavenly Father put us in the way to find it so that we might do something very soon for His poor little children. Before we get through with China we shall see how much the money is needed over there."

"Aunt Alice, how do you find out all these things to tell us?" She looked at Ned with a bright smile.

"You know I am leading the Pilgrims, and must study the route myself. Mrs. Brigham helps me, and she has a nephew in China whose letters to her are full of interest. It is like looking through a telescope, Ned,—this using other people's eyes."

Each child had now examined the precious bill and it was finally given to Maud Barton, who slipped it into her little silk bag, which was the Pilgrim's

wallet, with the two dollars from the patchwork.

"I believe that bill would fetch a high price if folks knew it went through the war," said Sam, "it's a sixty-three bill."

Miss Gay said she would inquire and perhaps they might get a premium.

Then Charlie asked what finally became of "Root of Happiness," which brought them back to China.

"O, he wants to be a literary man, so instead of learning a trade he keeps on studying until he is ready for the examinations. There are three of these, open to every Chinaman, and hundreds try to pass, for if they do, then they can secure government office or employment, and wear a yellow robe presented by the Emperor. Of course Root of Happiness does pass, gets his yellow robe and becomes a great man."

"Now tell about the little China girl, Aunt Alice," said Lou who was busily employed handing strips of cloth to the winders.

"O Lou, it is too sad to tell about, but

L. of C.

the Chinese fathers and mothers think it is a dreadful thing if a little girl comes into the home. They often drown her, or throw her away."

Lou's eyes were very large as she fixed them wonderingly upon her aunt's face.

"I guess you're p'tending. I think they'd get hung if they su'cided their own little girls."

This was one of the times when Miss Gay felt very anxious to explain what a terrible thing heathenism is. She looked around. Some of the girls were whispering, and Joanna was playing cats-cradle with her Cousin Sam. Would they understand? Could she make them care? But there were Lou's questioning eyes, and she said slowly, "No Lou, they wouldn't get hung. There are no laws in China to protect women and girls. The parents can destroy their children if they want to. A man can beat his wife every day if he feels like it, or he can drive her away entirely from his home. A man can sell his wife or children and nobody stops him."

"Great country that must be to live in," said Sam, still busy with the cats-cradle. "Why doesn't somebody give them better laws?"

"The laws will come with Christian civilization, Sam," responded Miss Gay. "It is the Golden Rule that is going to reform China. But the little girls who live, have a dreadful sad life. Can any of you tell me why?"

As she spoke Miss Alice took from her work-basket a tiny embroidered shoe about three inches long.

"O yes!" said Avis, "they have their feet bound and wear those little shoes."

"It isn't large enough for our baby!" said Trudie sceptically.

"What makes 'em do it anyway?" inquired Ned.

"Because it has been done for hundreds of years, and the people have learned to think that the 'golden lilies' as they call them are very beautiful. When the little girl is about six years old, her mother or some professional foot-binder, takes the child and presses the four small

toes under the foot, binding them tightly with a long strip of cloth. The heel is also brought forward and bound, so that the whole foot is the shape of a pear, with the large toe for the small end."

Lou's face had grown more and more serious. "Doesn't it hurt *awfully*, Aunt Alice?"

"Yes, dear, the little girls cry and cry, night and day; but after a long, long time the foot is dead and they can hobble around a little, wearing these tiny shoes, which really cover only the great toe and what remains of the shrunken heel."

"I wouldn't, *wouldn't* do it!" said Persis defiantly.

"You couldn't run, Pert, if you lived in China, and then perhaps you wouldn't tear your dresses," said Maud with a sly glance at the newly mended rent.

"I don't care! If they tried to bind my feet they'd be sorry."

"Remember, dear, that a child six years old is helpless, and there is no law to appeal to. Don't you begin to see

what a terrible thing it is to be born in a heathen country?"

There was something in Miss Gay's voice that made the children stop and think. Yes, it must be terrible, but it was so impossible to think of *themselves* as shut in, ignorant, cramped and helpless!

"Many little girls die from the foot-binding who might be saved if the native doctors knew how to take care of them. But they do not. They might give them medicine to take made of very filthy things, to cure an aching foot or beat gongs and drums to drive away the evil spirit that causes pain. So the poor little things die, and are carried away in a cart and put into a place built outside of the village."

"But couldn't the mish'naries take care of 'em?" Lou inquired.

"Yes, they do save a few; but you see there are so few missionaries. Don't you feel as if we must save all we can to help send more?"

"Yes'm and I'm going to. I've made

a restolution that I will," and Lou nodded her curly head very decidedly.

"Now, children, haven't you questions to ask?"

"Yes'm, I'd like to know about the opium. You see the Chinese in this country make lots of trouble with that," said Charlie.

"Well, when we go to India we shall see fields of poppies growing, for you know opium comes from poppy heads. The English government buys the crop, makes the opium into the form that the Chinese like best, and sells it to them at an immense profit. It is said that the Chinese buy more than a hundred million dollars worth every year. And when a man once gets the habit of using it, he will sell his home, his business, his wife and his children to buy it."

"It's almost worse than alcohol, isn't it? Our teacher talks about that;—I tell you she can make you see your brains burn up. I guess if old Tremble had heard her he never would have been a drunkard," said Sam.

"Old Tremble" was a man whom all the children knew. He was a shaking wreck, haunting saloons, and drinking without restraint.

"And if he hadn't been a drunkard he might have been the smartest lawyer in ten counties, my father says so," added Charlie.

Ned had been turning over the pictures upon the table. "Oh! here's a Peking gate! What about Peking, Aunt Alice? That's the capital city and away up north, isn't it?"

"Yes, you have all seen it on your school maps. Surely we must visit Peking, but it is such a very dirty city I advise you to put your handkerchiefs to your noses. Do you notice that jagged line like a barbed wire fence on the map? Yes, that is it, Ned. That represents the Great Wall, and you may read this little description of it."

This is what he read: "The Chinese wall, numbered with the wonders of the world, is from fifteen to twenty feet high, and fifteen feet wide at the top. It is

about fifteen hundred miles long. It is built of reddish brown rock and masonry. It has huge watch towers, where signal fires were kindled to warn the people when enemies came near. It was finished about 200 B. C., and protected the nation for many centuries against the Tartars and other northern tribes."

"Of course it couldn't stand our cannon," said Sam, "but prob'ly those people used bows and arrows or spears. I'd like to see it all the same. My! what armies of men it must have took to build it."

"But Aunt Alice, does the Great Wall go 'round Peking?" asked Ned.

"No, but Peking is a walled city:— there are seventeen hundred cities with walls and gates in China. But the capital has not only one but four walls, dividing it really into four cities. The first one is the Chinese city, and the next is the Tartar city. Inside of that is the Imperial city, and within that the Forbidden city in which the emperor lives."

"O mustn't he feel as safe as a bug in

a rug with so many walls around him!" said Joanna.

"You don't remember how the Emperor and Empress Dowager and all their servants ran away during the Boxer rebellion, do you? I have been expecting some of you would ask about the Peking siege," said Miss Alice.

"Why, sure!" Ned exclaimed. "Papa used to read about the Boxers, and the missionaries. But say, Aunt Alice, it seems different to have it in the daily. But it is this very same Peking of course. How did it begin?"

"It began with secret societies of Chinese who hated foreigners and began to persecute them. The Buddhist priests made them believe that, if they fought against Christians, they themselves would not be hurt at all. They grew in numbers, and in ferocity, and began to kill missionaries and native Christians. Finally, they surrounded Peking and Tientsin, while inside the walls were ever so many officials from other countries, and missionaries and

native Christians admission school-girls."

"Chinese girls with little bound feet?" questioned Gladys.

"Chinese girls, but they couldn't have bound feet in the mission school. These people stayed for six long weeks in Peking, while the Boxers raged outside the walls. They were kept safe, and finally escaped, but outside the city a great many missionaries and native Christians were killed. This was during the summer of 1900, but the Boxers still make a great deal of trouble for the missionaries. Don't you think we ought to remember them and pray for them?"

"Yes, and for the China girls and boys too," said Lou, who had been taking in the story. "I'm going to pray as hard as ever I can, and tell people how they ought to help."

Sam drew a long breath as he took up another picture. He did not want to show how much he pitied the missionaries, so he read in a loud tone—"A

Peking cart! Is that the sort of hack the Chinese have?"

"Perhaps we will hire a cart and a donkey for our next ride," said Miss Alice.

"I'd rather ride in a jinrickisha, with a kind bare-legged man that can talk, to draw it," said Lou.

The boys laughed, but the girls surveyed them in a superior way.

"She knows what she's talking about, and so would you, if you had been with us when we were travelling in Japan," explained Joanna.

"What's it about, next time?" inquired Sam, in a would-be careless tone.

"Why, about China of course. We haven't visited a temple nor a mission yet."

"Can't we come in, Aunt Alice, if we'll be ever so quiet?" asked Ned.

"It depends upon the weather. If it rains we must let you in surely. If the sun shines I suspect we couldn't persuade you to stay indoors."

"Yes, you could; now honest," said the boys.

"Say, Miss Alice, if I can find a man that will pay extra for that ten dollar bill will you sell it?" Sam inquired.

"Yes, indeed, Sam, we believe in adding all we honestly can to our Lord's money."

It was still raining, but in a fitful way as if the sunset light might shine through, when the merry children trooped down the hill. Their voices were full of music, and as Miss Gay stood in the bay window looking and listening there was a very tender expression in her eyes. She was tired, but not more so than many a traveller who "goes alone"!

# VI

## IDOL TEMPLES AND MISSION SCHOOLS

AND the next Saturday it rained again! A school picnic had been planned and the Pilgrims had sent regrets and excuses to Miss Gay. But after a week of charming June weather, a thunder-storm came rolling along over Rockside, flashing and grumbling as thunder-storms will and then settling into a steady down-pour. It did not care a drop for lunch baskets that were tearfully unpacked, nor for picnic dresses hung away.

"It isn't half as bad as it would be if we couldn't go to Miss Alice's," said Lydia to Lizzie as they stood at the farmhouse window. They did not mind the rain, and were surprised when their brother Charlie offered to drive in with Brown Betty and take them to the meeting. Before he left them he announced that

" perhaps he might drop in for a minute if the other boys were there." Master Charlie " dropped in " for a full hour!

Lou stood in the dining-room window watching, as the umbrellas came bobbing up the hill, and greeted every one with sparkling eyes and the whispered announcement, " There's a mish'nary in the parlor with Aunt Alice, and he's going to tell us lots o' things! "

Sure enough, Mrs. Brigham's nephew, home on a brief furlough, was visiting her for a few days and had cheerfully consented to talk to the Pilgrims.

The children were much surprised to see a young man with brown hair and mustache, and eyes full of good nature.

" Whew! " said Sam, as he wedged himself into the corner beside Ned and Charlie, " he looks just like anybody. I thought he'd look pale, and sober, and sort of chopped up as if the natives had been after him."

" Ho! they're not cannibals in China," Ned responded.

But now came the opening exercises,

with song and responsive reading and prayer, followed by Avis Brent's report which was always worth listening to. Maud gave her report also in which "ten dollars sewed under the lining of an old army overcoat," was an important item.

Sam arose as soon as she sat down. "Madam President—or Miss Alice, if you please, I've found a man that'll pay twelve dollars for that bill. He is in the Grand Army. He said he thought all the old blue overcoats had been put in carpets and rugs long ago. He said he knew Mr. Hunter when they was boys in the Army. He said to tell you if he was rich he'd give more."

The Pilgrims voted unanimously to thank Sam Taylor and the man he had "found," and the precious bill was handed over to Sam.

Then Mr. Brigham who had appeared greatly interested in all this was introduced and said, "Miss Gay tells me you want to know about temples and idols and mission schools in China. So I will

talk right along as I think of things to tell you, and if you wish to ask a question you may do so any minute. You girls must ride to-day in sedan chairs. These are rattan chairs with arms, and poles fastened to the arms extending each way. At the ends of the poles are short cross pieces of wood fastening them together. The chair has a square top and curtains all around. When used for a bride it is decorated with red. The coolies who carry these chairs will pick them up, place the cross pieces on their shoulders and trot away."

"'Most like our nice 'rick'sha men," whispered Lou.

"Perhaps the boys will like to ride horseback. The saddle looks like a big red bag filled with cotton, and there are gay embroidered side pieces. Now the streets are full of queer sights. Here you see a lunch stand where for a few cash a man can buy enough rice for a meal. There is a barber, ready to attend to customers right in the street, and just beyond are some fruit peddlers,—their baskets

TWO BASKETS FULL

hung on either end of a pole and the pole across their shoulder. I once saw a man carrying two children to school in that way.

"Here is a cobbler. He, too, has a bamboo pole and baskets,—or rather his shoe tub and tray, and his basket of tools and leather for mending. He is usually kept busy, for the Chinese are very economical, and have their shoes and all their clothing mended as long as patches can hold them together. But do you see that man hastening along calling, 'Ah-long, lai-lai;—Ah-long, lai-lai'? He thinks that one of his child's three souls has got lost and he is out calling it, because until it returns the child will be sick. Do you notice how very poor and mean the houses are that we are passing? The poor people in China,—and there are millions of them—don't know what real home comforts are. They never will as long as they are idolators. But now we are coming to the temples. This big stone tower at the corner is called a pagoda. It has eight sides, and there are

stone steps inside leading to the top. Now we come to a large stone arch and will leave our chairs and horses here. In the first pavilion you see men eating. They buy all sorts of food of peddlers who carry their kitchens around on their shoulders.

"Now we will go up this stone walk to the temple. On the sides you see there are low buildings in which the priests live. These priests have no hair, and on the tops of some of their heads are strange looking scars. You see the priest wants to be 'Buddha's brother,' so he has live coals put on his head to show how well he can bear pain. They all wear gray and yellow robes fastened around them as a sheet might be, and their faces are neither pleasant nor kind.

"Inside the temple are idols, idols, idols! Big idols, little idols, standing and sitting. In front of the big idols are tables for burning incense. When the worship hour comes, the priests all go in. One man rings a bell, and they kneel and knock their heads on the floor, nine times

for each thing they pray for. They march, too, and chant 'Amita, Amita,' over and over. That is the name of the laughing Buddha. In every Buddhist temple we find the 'Three Precious Ones.' They are usually eighteen or twenty feet high and are covered with gilt. The people worship these idols very faithfully, but it does not make them good or happy."

"Are all the Chinese Buddhists?" inquired Ned.

"No, very many worship Confucius, and there are fifteen hundred temples in China where offerings are made to him. Then there is Taoism. This is a kind of demon-worship, and has many idols. But no matter what idols a Chinaman has, he believes in ancestral worship, which means worshipping his father, grandfather and so on. In every home is the ancestral tablet before which incense is burned morning and evening. Every spring there is a great festival when food and wine are offered, and paper clothing and furniture and money are burned."

"Ho! do they have 'money to burn' in China?" asked Ned.

"Yes, literally," said Mr. Brigham with a laugh. "They imagine that their fathers and grandfathers need money to spend and clothing to wear in the other world, and that by burning the imitation they will be supplied with the real. You see your Chinese brothers and sisters have very lively imaginations! In this picture of ancestral worship, which must be the work of a native artist, the tablets are those two white objects shaped like grave stones, in the case. The black spots upon them give the ancestor's name, his title if he had one, and the name of the Emperor in whose reign he lived. This is a very expensive kind of worship. A man will spend a fourth of his income in a year."

"And how many Christians grudge giving a tenth for Christian work," said Miss Alice.

"Yes, and we must remember, too, that a Chinaman, at best, earns but little. An ordinary man who gets a hundred and

fifty dollars a year to support his family is thought to be fortunate."

"My!" exclaimed Sam, "I should think they'd strike."

"They would only hurt themselves if they did. You see China is very different from America. But I see Miss Gay has a picture of the Goddess of Mercy. She is very popular, and is much worshipped by parents. She has a thousand hands and a thousand feet, they say."

"I guess my mother wishes she could have as many some days," remarked Joanna.

"Perhaps you might give her yours, and that would be a beginning," said Mr. Brigham, kindly, and for some reason Joanna remembered that longer than anything else he said.

"But let me tell you, children," he continued, "although the Chinese are devout, and although they have a reverence for parents that is in some instances praiseworthy, their religion is one of fear and fate. They think evil spirits are watching them constantly and

are always ready to injure them. 'It is my fate,' is a common expression. Here is a picture that illustrates what I mean. This man that you see prostrate on his face has a sick child, I presume, at home. He comes to the temple, buys some incense of the priest, who sets it burning in the urn. The servant shakes that bamboo tube until one of the sticks falls out. Then the priest, 'all shaven and shorn,' will write a number on the stick and draw a paper which corresponds with that number. This paper will decide the fate of the poor sick boy. For you may be sure it is a boy. No matter about the girls. They are unwelcome and the parents cry 'Hard fate! hard fate!' when one is born."

Little Lou clasped her hands. "That's why *we* have to be the ones to send 'em mish'naries, 'cause they're girls like us."

It was a new idea to her, and she thought of it many times after that.

"You have told us about the idols in the temples. Do the Chinese people have

them in their homes, too?" Avis inquired.

"Yes, indeed. Always an ancestral tablet and a kitchen god, if no more. Here is a kitchen god that was given me by a man who became a Christian."

Mr. Brigham unfolded a large sheet of paper upon which were red, blue, yellow and black figures. The centre was occupied by the god and goddess with a table before them covered with offerings, while the remaining space was filled with servants, domestic animals, etc.

"They call him Chan Kung, and burn incense before him at various times during the year. Then on the twelfth month they think he goes to a greater god to give him a record of the family for the year. So, just before the time comes for them to burn this picture and start him on his journey, they smear his lips with molasses so that he will tell only the good things they have done."

"Seems to me they impose upon their gods, dreadfully," said Guy Brent, the minister's son, who had joined the other boys.

"They impose upon themselves, my boy. I have often thought how like children they are with all their 'pretending,' and how hard they try to deceive themselves."

"Did you see any Boxers?" Sam inquired.

"Yes, indeed, I saw and heard them. They burned our pretty mission church and school in Peking, and our girls and boys were only safe because they were with us. Their fathers and mothers were killed,—O so many of them! and their homes were burned. But children, I want to tell you that those poor Chinese Christians were brave and true even unto death. If they had consented to worship their gods again, many of them might have saved their lives, but while a few did this, most of them, even the children, died because they would not deny their Lord. One of the little mission boys cried out while the Boxers were torturing his older brother, 'Don't worship the idols! Jesus will take care of us.' The next minute the little hero

was thrown into his burning home and perished in the flames. Don't you think the Chinese are worth saving, children?"

The sober faces and deeply drawn breaths of the quiet Pilgrims showed what they thought, and Sam said in his impulsive way, "Better worth saving than we are, I guess, for I don't think we're half so brave."

"You haven't been tested yet, my boy, but I believe a good many American children would die before they would deny Christ. What we need in this country is courage to *live* for Him.

"But we are hoping that all this persecution means that better times are coming for China,—when schools and churches will be rebuilt and the people will cast their idols to the moles and bats. There are reforms already started to do away with early marriages and foot-binding. The foreign powers are building new railroads and we who have been there believe that God will soon claim the land for Himself."

Mr. Brigham had brought in a quantity of curios, and the Pilgrims gathered around him like the petals of a flower while he explained them. There were idols old and ugly in a row, which caused much mirth and wonderment.

"Please, Mr. Brigham," said little Lou, from her perch beside Miss Alice, "will you show us how they burn nonsense before the idols?"

"O Lou!" laughed the older ones, "you mean incense."

The missionary was laughing, too, and he said, "You have it right, little Lou, it *is* nonsense. Yes, I will show you the incense and the incense sticks," and lighting a bit of dark material, they soon got the spicy odor of the "nonsense," such as has risen in heathen temples for ages. Then he showed them chopsticks, and cash, and quaint cups and vases, carved ivory ornaments, beautiful bits of embroidery, models of sedan chairs and carts, dancing dolls and funny toys such as they had never imagined were made upon the round earth. And all the

while Mr. Brigham was telling them how the children live and eat, drink, sleep and play. But he did not fail at the last to tell them how they died and went, lonely and afraid, into "the dark unknown."

"If you could really see how sad a heathen country and a heathen life are, I am sure you would want to work and save your money to help send missionaries and teachers so that the children need never worship idols as their parents have for centuries," he said. "You cannot imagine how the people change in appearance when they become Christians. And the children! To be sure there are bright faced boys and girls who worship idols, but in our mission schools they have such clean sweet faces!"

"Do they grow pretty?" asked Edith.

"The missionaries think so. As their minds are trained and as God teaches them by His spirit they certainly look beautiful, compared with the poor neglected millions of heathen."

"They're great workers—those Chinese," said Ned.

"Yes, they are industrious and economical, and they make fine Christians."

It was a pleasant surprise when Miss Alice's maid brought in ice cream and cake as a special treat, for the Pilgrims felt as Sam expressed it, "chock full of China."

There was so much to think over and to tell, that several were busy with pencils and paper jotting down stories and descriptions of the curios.

"I'll take back what I said about giving our money to the Japanese," said Ella. I would rather send the patchwork money and the army overcoat money to China, for the people seem more needy. I can't get over the way they treat girls."

"And pray to their dead grandfathers," added Joanna.

Lou was listening to the girls and now said gravely, "I'm going to tell people how the China babies are thrown away

and ask 'em to help. *I* know somebody that has lots o' money."

The girls, chattering over their ice cream, did not notice what Lou said, but that young person had an idea working in her busy brain, which meant more than she herself could dream.

The next day was lovely, and after Lou had been to morning service and Sunday-school she decided that it was her privilege to work for the heathen. Her father and mother were reading, Ned was asleep in the hammock and as she ran across the lawn she saw her grandfather asleep in his armchair, on the piazza, and her Aunt Alice and Kate Matthews in the grape arbor listening to the missionary from China, who was to speak at the church that evening. Lou did not care to have her aunt see her, so she kept out of sight, as she tripped along towards the stately brown house into which a Mrs. Rutledge had lately moved. This lady had a colored woman, "old Chloe," who had taken a fancy to

Lou, and had called her into the garden several times.

"I's so lonesome," she said. "Missus had a little girl like you, just as sweet, she was, but she tuk scarlet fever an' went up to glory. An' missus, she won't see nobody now. She jus' mou'ns an' mou'ns for Miss Mill'cent. 'Tain't right, but her heart's done broke. First she los' her husban', an' then her chile, an' she say there ain't nothing lef' in this worl' to live for."

Lou had a lively imagination, and she had thought about the lonely, sad-eyed woman many times, but had only seen her as she rode past in her carriage with a very stiff-looking coachman to drive her pretty span. Now, however, she was going to see Mrs. Rutledge and tell her about the Chinese babies. Lou wore her best Sunday gown and ribbons, her hair was nicely curled and she made a lovely picture, as she softly climbed the granite steps and reached the front door. It was open, but she touched the electric bell, expecting

old Chloe would come and invite her in.

After waiting a little she rang again, but no one came. Then she stepped inside, her heart beating fast and her lips moving as she whispered to herself,

"I guess old Chloe is asleep, but prob'ly I'd better go in. Mrs. Rutledge won't mind 'cause I'm a little girl."

All through her short life Lou had been petted and loved, and always welcomed with outstretched arms by the Terrace neighbors, so she had no doubt this new neighbor would be delighted to make her acquaintance.

She walked slowly into the wide hall, stopping to admire palms and pictures; then entered the parlors, full of curiosity as she saw the grand furnishings in the dimly lighted rooms. As she reached the high arched doorway she was startled to see in the back parlor a lady dressed in black sitting in an armchair with her head bowed upon her hand.

Lou had had a vague idea that she

would find Chloe, and began all at once to feel very uncomfortable.

She cleared her throat and drew a long sigh and the lady looked up quickly, startled to see the little girl in her pretty white gown in the doorway.

"Who are you?" she demanded half angrily, "and what are you here for?"

"I'm just Lou Leslie, and I know your Chloe real well," Lou answered in her gentlest tones. Then coming nearer she said,—"I came to make you a call. Would you like to hear about our Pilgrim S'ciety? We meet Sat'day afternoons at Aunt Alice's right next door. Don't you hear us laughing sometimes?"

Yes, Mrs. Rutledge had heard their merry voices and closed her windows to keep them out.

"You can run home, now, little girl," she said, turning her face away. "I don't care to hear about anything."

"You would if you knew," Lou continued coaxingly; "it's very int'resting."

"But I do not *wish* to know. I wonder

how you happened to come in,—and where the servants are."

As Mrs. Rutledge spoke, Lou's eyes fell upon a little girl's photograph.

"O isn't she pretty?" she whispered. "Is she the one that your Chloe says went up to glory?"

Mrs. Rutledge looked into Lou's eyes, and her own filled with hot tears as she heard the serious sympathetic words. The next moment she was clasping Lou in her arms as she murmured, "O my heart aches—*aches*—for my own little girl! Why did you come here? I said I would never love another child nor let one touch me. And now I am feeling your warm pink cheeks—they are like Millicent's—and holding you close. O I loved her so, and now I have lost her,—my one little girl!"

Lou took her own tiny handkerchief and wiped the tears from the poor mother's cheeks, swallowing hard to keep from crying herself, as she said,

"Why, she isn't *lost*, is she? Folks are lost when we don't know where they are.

But 'course she's right where Jesus is and He's in a real place isn't He? I s'pose she knew her 'suffer little children to come unto Me' verse, didn't she?"

"Yes, yes, dear. She loved everything that was good and beautiful. She said she was going to see Jesus and her papa."

"She's all right, then," said Lou happily. "Our min'ster says it's true as true that Heaven's a real place. Seem's if you'd be glad she couldn't ever have measles or sore froat or toothache any more."

"But O I want her so much! the world is so dark without her," the mother moaned.

"I guess it isn't so dark for you as 'tis for the poor China mothers. They don't know where their children go when they die. They haven't the least thing to pray to 'cepting an ugly old idol that can't hear a word. The mish'nary said Christians would be 'most too thankful to cry when their people die if they could see the mothers out there who don't know about Jesus or heaven or angels."

Mrs. Rutledge looked into Lou's clear eyes in a puzzled way as she asked, "Who sent you here?"

"Why I just came my own self," Lou answered cheerfully.

"You're a queer child, but I know your mother must love you, O so much!"

"She does. So does Aunt Alice and all the people. Jesus loves me, too, an' He loves the little China babies, only they don't know it."

"What in the world makes you keep talking to me about the heathen?"

"Because—because—you've got lots o' money and you could help save the babies and poor little girls that's sold for slaves. Aunt Alice said we must all do what we could, so ——"

"So you came in here for money,—you little burglar!" and the lady almost smiled as she kissed Lou's pink cheek. "Well," she went on, "perhaps God sent you. He knows I need help, too,—so you may stay and talk to me just this once. . Tell me anything you wish."

So Lou perched herself comfortably

upon the broad arm of the lady's chair, and in her funny, scrappy way, told her what the Pilgrims had heard and done since they began their travels. And Mrs. Rutledge held her close,—smiling and weeping, but comforted, as the bitterness and rebellion seemed to melt out of her heart. For the first time since her little Millicent left her, she began to think of the sorrows of others.

When Chloe, suddenly awakening from her nap on the back porch heard voices, and stole through the dining-room to unravel the mystery, she saw her mistress holding Lou Leslie and talking with her. She clasped her hands and tiptoed away whispering to herself, "Bress the Lord! Bress the dear Lord!"

# VII

## GLIMPSES OF THE HERMIT NATION

"WE can't have a school picnic now," Ned complained. "The teachers say it's too near the end of school and they're too busy."

Ned was just the age to feel such a disappointment, especially as they had planned to go to Lake Clear, where there was splendid boating and fishing. This was Wednesday. The next night he raced across the lawn again to see Aunt Alice.

"How's this?" he shouted. "Charlie Wheeler says his mother says she'd like to have the Globe-Trotters out to the farm week from next Saturday for a picnic meeting. Charlie says they've got the dandiest maple grove you ever saw."

"That will be fine," said Miss Gay. "The girls will probably invite us next Saturday. You would enjoy it if you could go, I fancy."

"*If* I could go? Why, Aunt Alice,—Charlie thinks I can—and I supposed ——"

Miss Gay laughed to see his downcast face. "Then you really think Globe-Trotters are pretty good company, do you? And you don't object to missionarying?"

"Why, no, Aunt Alice. I like it, now honest. I thought 'twould be sort of a sermon with lots o' figures and things, but all us boys think we can learn a great deal. You're willing we should go to the picnic, aren't you?"

"Surely, my dear boy, as long as you and the other boys are so agreeable we are glad to have you in our company. Next Saturday we shall visit Korea, and I want you to read something about Korean boys."

"O I can't read before all those girls," and Ned's face grew very red.

"But you do in school. Just forget yourself and remember that every Pilgrim must do his part."

"O Aunt Alice," Ned's voice changed

suddenly, and he came to her side, "Lou did a dreadful thing last Sunday, and she never told mother till last night. She called on that 'ristocratic Mrs. Rutledge all by herself and told her about the Pilgrims."

"Why, Ned Leslie, is it possible!" Miss Gay's face flushed, and then she began to laugh.

"Yes'm,—I guess Lou's conscience troubled her some, but she said she had a beautiful call, and made Mrs. Rutledge pity the China girls that had their feet bound and the babies that were thrown away. She thinks Mrs. Rutledge will give her as much as fifty cents to put in her mite box."

"The little mouse! Well, Lou has done what no one else would dare to do, bless her!"

"That's about what ma said, but she told Lou she mustn't do so any more. That child is always cutting up some funny dido." And Ned ran away in answer to a "Hil-i-ho-o!" signal from Sam Taylor.

Lizzie and Lydia Wheeler came to the meeting on Saturday quite burdened with their picnic project, and as soon as "new business" was in order, Lizzie arose and said:

"Miss President, I have the pleasure to invite all the Pilgrims to our farm next week, Saturday. Father will let Charlie take the big wagon to bring all who haven't wheels, and mother will give the picnic part—I mean things to eat and drink."

She sat down with a very rosy face, and Lydia whispered that she ought to have said "refreshments."

But there was no time for corrections. Gladys was on her feet, shaking out her new dimity dress as she said, "I move, Miss President, that we accept this invitation gratefully."

"Miss President, I second the motion," said Mary Ellen. It was carried unanimously, with many smiling glances towards the Wheeler sisters.

Then Joanna moved that the boys who had begun to attend the meet-

ings be elected "honorable members."

"You mean 'honorary,'" said Miss Alice, and with much laughter that was also carried.

After work on the carpet rags began, there was a little time given to a discussion of Mr. Brigham's address the previous Sunday evening, and the children gleefully reported the comments of the older people who had not heard a missionary speak for several years.

Joanna Stebbins said, "My father thinks the debt better be paid or the people will give all their money to foreign missions," to which Avis Brent added, "Papa says this church is near-sighted, and Mr. Brigham was a splendid telescope."—"Magnifying glass my papa said," chimed in Edith, "and he took notes to use at the mission."

"Our folks said that it all begun with Miss Alice's Pilgrims, and if we never paid the debt they'd be to blame," and Persis arched her eyebrows and drew down her lips, telling

very plainly that old Mr. Adams had spoken.

Miss Gay smiled appreciatingly as she said, "Now we will make our trip to Korea, and Ella Brown who always knows her geography may tell us what she has learned about the country."

The modest little girl glanced at Miss Alice gratefully and took her position before the map.

"This little country between the Yellow Sea and the sea of Japan is Korea. It goes by the name of the 'Hermit nation,' because it has tried to shut itself away from all the other countries."

"Why?" asked Ned.

"Because China and Japan both wanted it, and Korea wanted to be independent. Now the nations have made treaties, and it isn't a hermit any longer. The capital is Seoul. This city has a wall twenty-two to thirty feet high all around it, and it is ten miles around Seoul—with eight gates. These gates are closed at sunset, according to an old custom. It is a hilly country, not beautiful like Japan, and

the climate is cold in the north but more like our own in the south."

"Very well done, Ella. Now Ned may show these photographs and tell you about the people."

"Just boys, Aunt Alice, was what you said; but I went to the library and found a book that was so interesting—O it was a regular story. Say! suppose I keep the photographs till I tell about 'em."

"All right," said Miss Alice much amused to see her young nephew's businesslike air.

He tossed his hair from his forehead and began "just like a preacher," as Lou whispered to Avis.

"The Koreans are very funny people. There are fourteen millions of them and they are some larger than the Japs, with brownish complexion and coarse straight black hair. But the way they dress beats the band. I wrote it down. 'A Korean gentleman in full dress wears a loose tunic, baggy trousers tied around the ankles, stockings padded with cotton and

outside of all a long coat with big sleeves in which are his *pockets*.' " A laugh from boys and girls alike emphasized this point.

" But wait a minute! 'his crowning glory is his hat, or hats. He has the first of these when he gets engaged to be married for he never wears one before.' I'm almost ashamed to tell how the boy's hair is fixed, Aunt Alice, but he has it grow long, parts it in the middle and has it braided and *the braid hangs down his back and is tied with black ribbon!* "

Exclamations of doubt and a groan from Sam led Ned to exhibit a photograph and to continue, " O that's true! I didn't write the book. Well, I might finish the boy before I tell about the hats. He wears white loose trousers tied with bright ribbons or cloth around the ankle and a long coat of pink or blue or red, if you please! "

The expression of sympathy for the Korean boy on Ned's face was the signal for another laugh.

" Think what a boy must *suffer* dressed like that," he said.

KOREAN BOYS AND GIRLS

"But remember that is the fashion for all the boys and he knows nothing else. Now tell us about the hats," said Miss Alice.

"When the boy is ready for a hat a spot is shaven on the top of his head. Then his long hair is drawn up and made into a knot and fastened. Then a band of woven horsehair about an inch and a half wide is bound very tightly round his head. Then his hat of woven horsehair with a straight brim is put on *and tied under his chin with ribbons!* Yes, that is straight, Sam, and if you groan again I'll —— No, Aunt Alice, not in here, but honest, he ought to believe it, when I took such pains to write it down. The 'mourning hats' are queerest of all. The men dress in white cotton goods, and when the women wash the clothes they rip 'em apart."

"Oh!" sighed Persis, "what's that for?"

"Fashion I guess, same as it is in Japan. Well, the women iron in a queer way. They wind the cloth on a wooden

roller, then they take a piece of wood some like a baseball bat and pound the cloth smooth. The man that wrote the book says that coming into a village a man will hear the 'rat-tat-tat' way along in the night."

"You told us how the men and boys dress, but what about the girls?" asked Persis.

Ned fumbled amongst his notes. "O, here 'tis!" he said. "Red, or blue, or green skirts and little short jackets coming just below the arms. These are red or green or yellow. Their hair is braided like the boys' only they wear plum colored ribbon instead of black. They have a pretty hard time—the Korean girls—shut up in the houses and working hard and not going to school unless the missionaries help. But there's one funny thing I put down,—about what the women wear on their heads when they go into the street. It's a coat,—a regular coat with sleeves—made out of green or blue cloth. The sleeves are just loose, mind you, and flap around their ears.

Well, the reason is a strange one. Years ago when the men went into the fields to work they didn't know when their enemies might attack them; so the women used to carry out their coats ready for them to put on—wearing 'em over their heads. And because they did so then, they keep on. Isn't it queer, Aunt Alice, that people keep doing foolish things over and over when they must see it's foolish."

"Yes, dear, and isn't it nice we're not Koreans, and don't keep doing foolish things over and over," Miss Alice answered with a smile.

"Y-e-es," and Ned immediately remembered some foolish habits of his own which his aunt knew about, and smiled understandingly.

"I'd like to know how fellows rigged out as those Koreans are can ever do any fighting," said Charlie Wheeler.

"That's another funny thing! Aunt Alice, am I taking too much time?" Ned inquired anxiously.

"No, go on and tell about the soldiers."

"Well, a few years ago when they went to war the officers who rode horses had two men, one on each side of the horse to look out for them. And they hadn't any sort of a fighting army until they got foreign officers to drill their men. And they don't like foreign things in Korea, so after there was an electric plant put into the palace grounds, they let it go all to ruins as soon as the men who came to teach 'em to run it went away. Yes, sir! But they are using an electric railway in Seoul and really things are not quite so bad as they were."

Ned had spoken rapidly, and no one had grown tired listening. As he gathered up his papers the Pilgrims gave him a rousing cheer, and then Miss Alice brought in delicious lemonade and lady fingers as a special treat.

While they were sipping and nibbling, the photographs were passed around and Miss Alice told them how the women in the South wore enormous hats, so large that one was like a tent if the wearer sat down upon the ground. She showed

them a temple, too, with priests at the door, and told them that the Koreans worshipped Buddha and Confucius and their ancestors, but were not very devout heathen. They really believe in spirits and demons which they fear, and are a very superstitious people.

"Their homes are very poor," she said, "and Korea is called a filthy country but the people are courteous and gentle as a rule, and wish for better things. When men and women are told about the one true God, and His Son our Lord they are eager to know more."

"What about the missionaries, Miss Alice?" asked Avis.

"The first one from the United States went in 1884. Think of it! That is less than quarter of a century ago and several thousand Koreans are already earnest Christians and there are mission schools and hospitals and churches springing up in all the principal seaports and villages. Women will walk twenty miles sometimes to meet the missionary teachers and 'learn the book.'"

"That's a good people to help," said Joanna. "I move we give our patchwork money and our ——"

"O Jo!" cried the other girls. "That's the third time we've 'moved.' You wanted it to go to Japan and to China and now to Korea."

Miss Alice looked into the laughing faces with a tremulous smile. "That's just the way I feel, girls. As we move from country to country and get a glimpse of the people and learn what a terrible thing idolatry is,—why, I feel as if I must help them all—*right away*."

"She would make a nice missionary wouldn't she, Pert?" Trudie whispered.

"But she won't be one—*she's ours to keep*," Persis responded fiercely.

Miss Alice had been picking up papers and photographs, and now exclaimed, "Here is another bit about Korean children which I am sure you will be glad to hear, and which has a little lesson, too. As we have already learned, great respect is shown to parents and grand-parents in Japan and China by the children. This

KOREAN TEMPLE AND PRIESTS

is true also in Korea, and I have found a translation of the rules they are expected to obey.

"'*The duty of sons, daughters, and daughters-in-law to their parents.*—In the morning, when the cock crows, they must arise, wash their faces, and go to their parents' room, and ask, with quiet voices and gentle manners, if their room is cold or warm, and whether there was the proper quantity of covering. In winter they should make them warm, and in summer make them cool. If the parents wish to wash their faces, the younger children bring the wash-dish, and the elder ones the water, and they hand them the towels when they are done washing.

"'Then they ask their parents what they will have to eat, and must serve them with honor and care. If they do not honor their parents, they are not dutiful, even though they supply them with beef, pork, and mutton all in one day.

"'When the son goes out he must tell his parents, and when he returns he must

let them know. He must not go far away lest his parents are troubled when they seek for him ; and he must tell the exact place he goes, so that it may be easy for his parents to send for him should they want to see him.' "

At first the Pilgrims laughed, for it was very funny to think of small Koreans creeping around so quietly in the morning to serve their parents ; and then they grew quiet, for how many times had *their* fathers and mothers been "troubled" while seeking for them. Really there were things they could learn from the funny Koreans !

"Next Saturday we will not go to India," said Miss Alice in closing ; "but we'll spend an hour at our picnic meeting in talking about wonderful trees and fruits and flowers in mission countries. You must see what you can find to tell us about. As school closes Wednesday you will be free to travel the wide world o'er."

Little Lou waited until the children had all gone rollicking down the hill.

Then with shy eyes watching her aunt's face to see how she bore the news, she said, "I've got a 'gagement to call on Mrs. Rutledge to-morrow."

"Why, darling, how did you get acquainted with Mrs. Rutledge?" Miss Alice inquired drawing her small niece into her lap.

"I just went and called on her, and went right in," Lou explained. "She wasn't very glad to see me but she grew glad an' now she 'most loves me. I told her all about the China babies an' she was real int'rested."

"Bless your little heart, you are a missionary, Lou Leslie," said Miss Alice, and then Lou told her all about the lady in black, who had "lost" her own little girl.

# VIII

## THE PILGRIMS PICNIC UNDER FOREIGN TREES

"THERE Aunt Alice, isn't this the dandiest grove you ever saw, just as Charlie said?"

"It is lovely, Ned," Miss Gay answered from her seat in the hammock swung under twin maples.

Ned sat on a stump, fanning himself with his straw hat, for he had been helping Charlie make lemonade and ice cream which is warm work as everybody knows. Lou was lying on a shawl near by, her happy eyes fixed on the great white masses of clouds above her. As Ned ran off again to the other boys her voice mingled with bird songs as she murmured: "There's a big, big church up there and there's an efilant with people on his back, and there's a fat baby with wings and—Aunt Alice! Mrs.

Rutledge says her little Millicent loved the sky and was 'quainted with Jesus and I said I didn't b'lieve she was lonesome, there's so many chil'ren up there. I said Jesus would let 'em play quietly, 'course He would. They wouldn't feel to home if He didn't. And I said didn't she think 'twas sad if the China babies went there and not their fathers and mothers. 'Cause you know Mr. Brigham said *chil'ren* wasn't heathen,—no, *never*, till they said prayers to idols their own vol-un-ta-ry selves. I kept that word in my mind. And I said wasn't it too bad they didn't know two things, and she said 'what two,' and I said, the 'Thou shalt not worship any engraven image' and the 'Suffer little chil'ren to come unto Me' verse. So then was when she said she'd take two girls anyway ——"

"Lou darling, what are you talking about?" asked Miss Alice.

"Didn't I tell you? Why Aunt Alice! then 'twas mamma, and you two people are so resembling sometimes I forget. But she did,—she said would it

make me happy if she put two China babies with the missionaries so they could get 'quainted with Jesus, and I said, 'Yes'm,' and clapped my hands. She will give 'em to us—the Pilgrims I mean—and she's going to call to see you ——"

"O Lou!" laughed Miss Alice, "I don't know what to say. When I called at Mrs. Rutledge's I wasn't asked to go in and just left my card, and now you—you little mouse,—well, I hope you remembered to thank Mrs. Rutledge?"

"Yes, I told her 'twould make her heart very happy to think she was helping those poor people,—same as you tell us. So then she smiled and hugged me."

Miss Gay watched the sweet face uplifted towards the sky, and did not wonder that the desolate mother had loved one so angelic as Lou seemed at that moment. But the child turned suddenly to say,

"Aunt Alice, did you know that robins are all named Jim? They hop a little

CHINESE BABIES WITH THE MISSIONARIES

ways and say 'Jim! Jim!' to each other just as sweetly. And the bird that says 'O-o dear!' 's if he was awful tired—is a meadow lark, Lizzie Wheeler says. She knows about birds and pigs and everything. I think it's nice out here where people have corn-fields on their lawns, don't you?"

Then with a glad cry Lou started to her feet.

"O Aunt Alice, there's Miss Kate Matthews in her pony carriage and Winnie Brent is with her. O aren't I happy?" and away she raced, followed by Miss Gay, who was very glad to see her friend.

Leaving the pony in Mr. Wheeler's care the two were soon seated in the hammock, while Lou and Winnie curled down upon the shawl with beaming faces.

"Yes," said Miss Matthews, "I thought I might as well join the Pilgrims to-day and learn about trees." Then as Lou looked at her questioningly she added, "Do you think I ought to learn about the people, too? Well, so do I and per-

haps if I'm very, very good you will let me come and sit in the corner some day when you have a regular meeting. Mr. Brigham's address has aroused a real interest in our church, Alice, but your Pilgrims began the good work."

While the ladies talked and Lou and Winnie sang their little nature songs, the rest of the girls were at the other end of the grove where a wide brook danced on its way to the river. They were gathering wild flowers and mosses, and swinging on saplings,—enjoying themselves to the utmost.

Persis was fond of birds and with eyes for nothing else she searched trees and bushes eagerly.

"Here's a scarlet tanager!" she exclaimed, hushing the rest of the Pilgrims who came running to see. "That makes ten kinds of birds I've found since I came. O the beauty!" and with clasped hands and uplifted eyes Persis advanced, caught her foot under a root, fell into a thorn-bush and lo! a cornerwise rent in her lawn dress.

"Stumble heels!" Gladys cried. "Catch her toes and down she goes!"

"If you knew half as much about birds as Pert does you could afford to tear your clothes," said Maud, springing to the rescue.

"If I was such a tomboy I'd have a dress made of blue drilling and wear knee-pads," Gladys retorted.

"Come, come, Gladys, you let Pert alone. You're always saying something mean about her clothes. We know you can dress like the Queen of Sheba if you want to, but dress isn't everything," said Joanna.

Mary Ellen Fairbrother crossed over to Gladys, her nose elevated and her shoulders squared as for battle, but Gladys promptly drew away.

Avis began to laugh. "Pretty Pilgrims we are to begin a quarrel out in this beautiful grove. I move that we all repeat 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite' ten times in concert."

They began, Persis joining with hearty good-will, but Gladys who had a hot

temper of her own left the laughing group and sauntered away alone, not even Mary Ellen daring to follow.

"Edith, let's sing 'Let a little sunshine in.' Quick,—pitch it high!" cried Joanna.

The song rang out joyfully, but Gladys did not turn, and was soon out of sight.

Joanna, her hand over her heart, pretended to lament, but they were soon watching Trudie Eastman as she sketched the scene before them and had forgotten Gladys when a piercing shriek reminded them of her. Joanna and Persis, swift runners, were first to follow the voice and to find the little girl in the brook where it was deepest and widest, while a big calm-eyed ox watched her from the bank.

"He was after me!" Gladys sobbed, "he looked right over my shoulder."

"Here, Joanna, you put your arm around this tree and let me hold your other hand," said Persis, and so, kneeling and reaching her hand to Gladys, they helped her up the steep slippery bank.

"That's old Broad," Lizzie said as the

girls gathered around the dripping Gladys. "He wouldn't hurt a fly,—but of course his horns are rather big. Now come right to the house, quick as you can."

Still crying, Gladys was escorted to the house where Mrs. Wheeler soon had her rubbed dry, and dressed in a full suit of Lydia's clothes.

Outside the girls talked as they waited.

"Why didn't you call her stumble-heels?" asked Joanna. "I think it's just a good 'pay back' for her to get her nice clothes wet, she's so proud."

Persis laughed. "I didn't think of anything only how to get her out. I read a story the other day about some people that got a man out of the river by holding on to each other, so that's why I knew."

Then Maud said soberly, "If that brook had been a river and Gladys had been drowned, we'd all feel sorry we hadn't tried to love her more."

"That's so, girls," Ella agreed, "seems if it's better not to say things about any-

body because you never know what may happen."

While they were still discussing these grave questions, Gladys appeared in Lydia's well-known blue and white gingham.

"I'm not hurt any, girls," she said, "but my legs tremble, I was so frightened; and I'm awful sorry I called you a stumble-heels, Pert, and I thank you and Jo for saving my life."

Gladys spoke with a little superior air, but the girls did not laugh, only smiled when practical Lizzie said,

"I don't believe Broad would have touched you, Gladys, but the brook is rather deep there and you might have drowned if you had fallen in lengthwise."

It was now time for the picnic dinner, and Mrs. Wheeler and her stout Swede girl with all the Pilgrims who were allowed to help, soon had the two long tables covered with an abundance of good things.

Such sandwiches, doughnuts, straw-

berries and chocolate cakes, are not often seen; and the ice cream—"real *cream*, mind you," as Charlie announced, was simply delicious.

"Now for an hour with foreign trees and flowers," said Miss Alice after all had eaten. "We'll not have a business meeting, but just attend to our subject."

"Aunt Alice," said Ned, "I think we have learned more about our own trees because of our subject. I couldn't tell a white maple from a sugar maple till to-day. It's queer how we see things and don't see them just as our minds happen to be."

"Very true, Ned, and I wish this talk about foreign trees might lead you to study those you see every day. And now we will hear what Guy Brent can tell us about most useful trees in other lands."

Guy was a quiet, studious boy and had greatly enjoyed his research. He read as follows:

"There are so many useful trees that I hardly knew how to choose, but the bamboo is certainly one of the most useful,

and grows in many Oriental countries. It is like a giant grass, sometimes more than a hundred feet high with long feathery tops that bend over. From it a man can build his house and make all his furniture,—mats, screens, chairs, tables, bedsteads, bedding, baskets, boxes, ropes, pails and dishes. If he gets lost and wants a fire he rubs two pieces of bamboo together and gets it. He makes a rod and line of it and catches fish. If he can get the seeds he eats them for food. In Madagascar they have what is called the traveller's tree. The trunk is bare but at the top are leaves six feet long with stalks as long as the leaves. In the hollow stalks is found water pure and fresh. All a man has to do is to cut a hole in the stalk with his knife and out pours the water. The long leaves are used to make table-cloths and dishes and to cover roofs of houses. The stalks make beams and walls of houses. Then there is the banana tree. So many bananas are raised that it is said the whole population of the earth could be

supported on the annual crop. It is the most valuable fruit there is. It is not always a tree but in some places just a plant, which dies after bearing a single bunch of bananas. It grows in Africa, the West Indies and other places, and when it is planted in May it will bear the next March. Other useful trees are the 'cow tree' in South America, the cocoanut palm whose fruit and sap furnish oil, milk, sugar and solid food. Then there are splendid trees like mahogany, but I may as well stop right here for I think my time is up and I have hardly begun."

There was much handclapping as Guy paused, for the Pilgrims were generous in applause.

"Now, Ella, we will hear your paper," said Miss Gay.

Ella's face was as pink as the shirt waist she wore as she said :

"I was wondering what I could write, and mamma told me to go to the spice boxes, so I did and this is what I found : First, cloves. The clove tree grows in

tropical islands, like the West Indies, to a height of about forty feet. Its leaves are evergreen and it has clusters of small pale pink flowers. Now while these flowers are buds, they are gathered and dried in the sun. The sunshine turns them dark. If you soak a clove in warm water you will see the little bud petals. They are gathered in the fall, and in one pound there are about five thousand buds. Next box, cinnamon. Cinnamon trees grow in Ceylon, from twenty to thirty feet high, with a mass of leaves and pale yellow flowers at the top. In April and November the bark is gathered. Some of the branches are cut, the bark is taken off and when it is dried they tie it in bundles for market. Some man has to taste and taste to see which is best, and in time it gives him a painful disease of his mouth and tongue. So we better not eat cinnamon too much.

"Next box, nutmegs. The nutmeg tree grows a neighbor to the clove, on the Molucca or Spice Islands. They are handsome trees thirty feet high and bear

a pale yellow fruit the size of the peach. The nutmeg is its kernel, and on the outside of the kernel is a covering which makes another spice called mace. Mamma has allspice, too, and that is the whole dried berry of the 'pimento,' or Jamaica pepper. The berries are gathered in August by a small boy in the tree and women under it to pick up the small branches he throws down."

While Ella was reading a low rumbling sound was heard in the west, and the Pilgrims began to look anxious.

"I am afraid we must go home at once if we do not want to get caught in a thunder-shower," said Miss Gay, and there was an immediate response as the children jumped to their feet.

"I was going to tell about a gingerbread tree that grows in Egypt, Arabia and Abyssinia," said Persis. "Fruit tastes like gingerbread."

Joanna at the same moment was saying, "I found that camphor trees grow in Japan."

"And I had olive trees," added Avis.

"I got so interested in Bible trees that I'm going to make a game for us children to play,—some like 'authors' you know."

"Won't that be fine?" and as they raced across the field one and another urged further study of trees and flowers.

"And we haven't got to flowers at all," said Trudie Eastman, "and I wrote about lovely ones that grow in Africa and Japan and lots o' places."

"Too bad. Let's go to the library this vacation, and see how much more we can learn. I think my brains are growing so I'll have to wear larger hats by and by," laughed Ned as they reached the big wagon and climbed in quite sure now that they could reach home before the storm burst, and bearing with them pleasant memories of their picnic.

# IX

## ENTERING INDIA

"JUST think! this is our last meeting till September," said Avis, mournfully, as the Pilgrims came into Miss Gay's wide cool hall.

"I don't see why," Persis responded. "Aren't most of us going to stay here?"

Gladys gave her head a little toss as she said, "We are going to the mountains, and then to Newport where papa has a cottage."

Joanna made a naughty little face towards Persis and a saucy word was ready to slip out when Avis hastened to say, "We are all going to Maine, where Gran'pa Brent lives, in August."

"And Miss Alice is going to Chautauqua with Mrs. Brigham, and Mrs. Brigham's missionary nephew is going to give lectures on China there," added Trudie with an important air.

"How do you know?" the others questioned doubtingly, and then they hurried into the dining-room to find that it was really true, but Miss Alice said brightly, "I shall learn ever so much and when I come home I will share it all with you."

When the time came for new business in their opening exercises their leader said, "I hope we will all do something this vacation to earn money for our treasury. Some of you can do fancy work and others can make sweeping-caps, and holders and handkerchief-bags—anything useful or ornamental that will sell, so that when we have our entertainment ——"

"Entertainment?" the girls echoed.

"Yes, in the fall. We can do it, and have a good time just the same." Then in a very sympathetic voice she added, "Mrs. Rutledge has given us three scholarships, which means that three girls can be educated in one of our mission schools in China and when they go out three more and so on as long as she

lives and perhaps longer. One is to be the Millicent Rutledge scholarship, another the Lou Leslie, and the third the Little Pilgrim scholarship."

"O how lovely!" Edith whispered.

"Just think if we'd never *been*," Persis continued.

"Isn't it beautiful to start something that God can bless and help to grow?" Miss Alice finished, and there was a light in her face which the girls had noticed many times when she was deeply moved.

"Sewing up pillow cases 'over and over' is our work to-day," Miss Alice announced, and while there were two or three sighs and as many wee frowns,—for "over and over" takes all there is of eyes and fingers,—still, these girls were learning to do hard things cheerfully for love's sake.

"But before we begin we will have a geography lesson on India just to get acquainted a bit before we explore the country. Mary Ellen will take charge."

Now Mary Ellen Fairbrother was shy and awkward, and her waist and skirt

had a bad habit of parting in the back, and her hair of hanging in what Persis called "stringlets" on each side of her face. But she had made a mighty resolution in her lonely home that she would do her best for Miss Alice, whom she adored. So while the girls smiled and fidgeted, she took her place at the map, placing the pointer on India.

"Here it is, in the southern part of Asia. It is fifteen thousand miles from us. Its population is about three hundred million. The people are dark with black hair and eyes."

At this point Mary Ellen seemed to run out of ideas, and Miss Alice said, "Ask questions, girls, that is the way to learn."

"Are there mountains in India?" Avis inquired.

Mary Ellen nodded vigorously. "Yes, there are lofty mountain ranges—the Himalayas are in the north and some of the peaks are twenty thousand feet high. There are rivers, too. I found the Indus, Tapti, Brahmaputra and Ganges and Ner-

budda. It says that these last ones are sacred,—I don't know why."

"Any trees and flowers?" asked Persis.

"Why yes," and a broad smile relieved Mary Ellen's anxious expression. "The banyan tree is very—very famous. Here's a picture. Its branches grow down, you see, and take root in the ground and another tree grows until there'll be a regular grove with one great trunk. There is one such tree"—here Mary Ellen paused to unfold a little paper from which she read: "The largest banyan in India is called 'The Mother.' It grows on an island in the Nerbudda River and covers three or four acres. It is said that ten thousand men could stand under its shade."

"How is India governed?" Avis asked, after they had wondered over the great banyan.

"O yes! India is governed by the King of England. He has a man to represent him called a Viceroy. England has ruled India more than a hundred years."

"Very well done, Mary Ellen," said Miss Alice, kindly, and the little girl took her seat feeling very happy, not only because she had received her teacher's commendation but because it was her first real effort to overcome her rather stubborn bashfulness.

Miss Alice took up the subject in her own earnest way.

"As Mary Ellen has indicated India is a great rich country in itself, with high mountains, beautiful valleys and broad rivers. But there are hot desolate plains, too, we shall find, and as in every pagan land we shall see ever so many poor people;—I mean people who can't get enough to eat. And do you know, dear Pilgrims, as we enter India we must remember that the Hindus are related to us."

"Really and truly?" and Mary Ellen looked up from the pillow case seam on which she was making slow and painful progress.

"Yes, indeed. You remember that Noah had three sons,—Shem, Ham and

Japheth, and we and the Hindus belong to Japheth's family. We are far apart now, but as we travel through India it will do us good to think of the people as relatives, I am sure."

"Are they all Hindus, Miss Alice?" asked Avis.

"No, there are odds and ends of many races there, for India has been a country that many tribes and peoples wanted to conquer. I find that there are more than one hundred languages spoken, so we shall need an interpreter."

A long sigh from little Winnie Brent drew attention to her as she sat holding Miss Alice's cat, Topsy, in one corner.

"Where—is—Lou?" she asked, plaintively.

"Why, you poor child! I think Lou will surely come, but perhaps she is with Mrs. Rutledge—they are great friends."

While Miss Alice was examining the "over and over" seams, and hinting that Joanna's stitches were too far apart to be neighborly, there was the sound of feet in the open hall, and Lou came breezily

in; her dimples in full play as she said, "Aunt Alice, here's a s'prise for you. Mrs. Rutledge has been in India her very own self, and she's willing to talk to us if we'd be pleased to have her."

Miss Alice was so "s'prised" that her face grew as pink as Lou's, but she greeted the tall, aristocratic lady in her own charming way, inviting her most heartily to speak to them. Mrs. Rutledge explained that when Lou told her the Pilgrims were going to India she had thought of so many things she saw while travelling through the country that she was quite willing to tell the children about them.

Every girl was sitting primly upright as Mrs. Rutledge was introduced, and in each lap was a nicely-folded pillow case; —they knew it was not proper to sew "over and over" in her presence! They were surprised to see how sweet and gentle she looked, for the people in Rockside had agreed that the wealthy lady in "the big house on the hill" was proud and haughty.

"Dear little Pilgrims," she began, "I have seen you gather here week after week, and at first I could not bear to hear you laughing and singing, for your voices made me think of another sweet voice I shall never hear again on earth. But God sent one of your number, like a little angel, to open my prison doors, and to show me that there are people who have absolutely nothing to make them happy and that I ought to help them. Some of them—yes, a great many of them live in India, and some years ago I went with my husband around the world, and spent several weeks in that country. So perhaps I can give you a few glimpses of the country and the people if you will let me be your guide. And you know we always expect a guide to answer questions, so please ask about whatever you do not understand.

"Now we have reached Bombay, and as there are street cars, suppose we ride through some of the streets. You see on every side fine, large buildings which belong to the English government and to

English tradesmen. And you will see on some of the nice broad streets beautiful English homes too. But I know you want to see the people who belong there and their homes, so we will ride into the native portions. Some of their houses are large and are surrounded by yards and gardens. They have a 'shut-in' look, and you wonder how you would get in and where you would find the family. But as we ride on and on we see the poor little huts where the masses live huddled together in narrow, dirty streets. And the people! Why, that is what we notice first in India,—there are so many people."

"Please, are the houses open as they are in Japan?" Avis inquired. She asked the question in a scared way, because it was such a wonderful thing to have Mrs. Rutledge there; but she had a fine instinct which told her that the Pilgrims must rise to the occasion or they would be very dull company.

"Yes, in many cases the mats which were hung before the entrance at night were removed, and we could see the deso-

late rooms with nothing bright or pretty in them, only a bare earth floor, a bamboo bedstead or two, a little mud fireplace and a few copper or brass cooking vessels. The native shops are open, too, and you can see the men tailors, the blacksmiths, cooks, shoemakers, and merchants at their work. But you would look, most of the time, at the people, I am sure. There are men all dressed in white from the big turban to trousers and sandals. White is much used in hot countries, and some of the men have the loose white dress such as you see in Bible pictures. If such an one wants to run, he gathers his flowing robes and 'girds himself' by tucking the ends into his girdle and in a moment he is tight and trim. But you see colors worn also, —red, green, purple and black turbans and jackets, and some of the women have blue and green chuddas or veils, but many are white. Among the crowds of poor people the white turns to gray, and hardly clothing enough is worn to cover their bodies. I watched the crowds of

children, and their little thin brown bodies showed that they did not have enough to eat. Their faces did not look bright and merry, but they seemed gentle and were certainly polite as most Orientals are. But later I saw children at play, and they were imitating the work they had seen their mothers doing. One little Bengali girl sat on the floor, and with a stick pretended to grind spices. Another stood on one foot and beat the other on the ground, saying, 'I am husking rice.' Another balanced a small dish on her head and followed her mother to the well, where she went to draw water. That is the way they learn to carry heavy jars on their heads,—by beginning when very young. Still another tiny girl pretended to be a washerman or *dhobi*, slapping a rag against a stone. For the washermen in India carry the clothes to a river—using a donkey if they have any—and there they beat them on the rocks in the cold water until they are clean.

"But while I saw children at play in

GOING WITH THE WASH

Bombay and in other cities, and was told that they had a few games like your own —marbles, jack straws and so forth—I never saw any except in the mission schools that were really merry and hearty as you are. They seemed languid and their great black eyes were shadowy and sad. Our friends told us we would not wonder at that if we knew how the little high caste girls are shut up in zenanas and married so very young, and how the low caste children, boys and girls alike, begin to work or to beg before they are half grown."

"Did you finish telling us about your ride in Bombay?" asked Ned.

"No, surely not. But I cannot describe the scenes there, only to say there were so many kinds of people and costumes as to be very puzzling to a stranger. Here was a native gentleman—proud and haughty—in his elegant white robes, there a beggar with a bag over his shoulder for the gifts of the people. He is a religious beggar or 'holy man' and every one feels obliged to give money or food.

In every city these dreadful creatures are seen. We saw Parsees or fire worshippers and Mohammedans with their prayer rugs, and scavengers and fine English carriages,—O, a medley which would keep you wondering and watching till your eyes ached!

"But I must show you the temples and mosques! Some are large and gloomy piles—others unattractive shrines in the street walls or in little recesses just large enough to hold an idol. In one temple close to the street a young priest stood pouring oil over the idol. The oil ran into a narrow tank and he dipped it out and sold it over and over again; for when one bought it he would give it back to be poured over the idol. So you see there are two things that impress pilgrims at once as they enter the cities,—first, the crowds of people, who seem to have no object in life; second, the indications of heathen worship on every side."

"I should think you would have left the cities as soon as ever you could," said Edith.

"Yes, it was more pleasant to ride out where one need not see such swarms of people nor smell such vile odors."

"And did you see birds when you left a city?" Persis inquired.

"Yes, indeed! India is a land of birds. Crows and hawks and kites stay near the cities and pick up the waste in the streets. Hindus never kill birds or animals, so they are seen everywhere and are very tame. While riding in the cars towards the north great flocks would start up every little while. We saw tall adjutants with scarlet heads in the pools, and pelicans, cranes, plovers and ducks. Peacocks are sacred birds in India, so they roam over the fields and gardens without fear. Small birds—multitudes of them—sit on the telegraph wires and trees very near the railroad. Sparrows and robins and scarlet tanagers looked homelike, but their colors are brighter than in our colder climate. You would find much to interest you if you love birds."

"I do," said Persis; "but if you please,

what did you mean when you said peacocks are 'sacred'?"

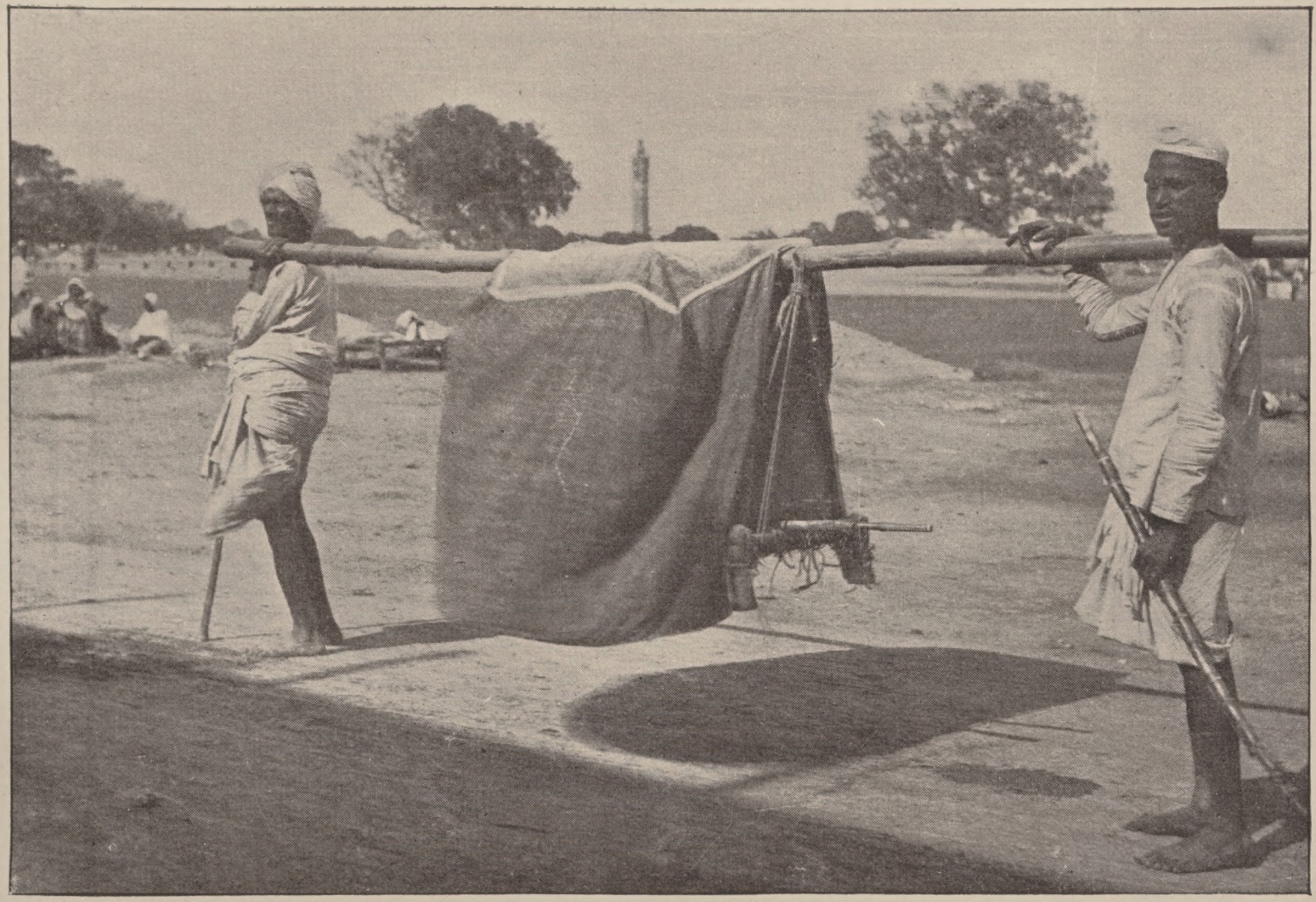
"Why, my dear, I can hardly explain to you,—there are so many things that the people worship. Not only birds, but animals are sacred. Cows are very holy in a Hindu's eyes, and monkeys and snakes ——"

"Monkeys and snakes?"

"Yes, indeed! monkeys have temples built for them, and priests to wait upon them, and worshippers bring offerings of grain and fruit. This is because one of their traditions tells how monkeys once built a bridge for one of their gods. Then the snakes,—you know there are poisonous snakes in India and one of the worst of all—the cobra—is sacred, and must not be killed. Instead, the poor women place saucers of milk for them and pray them not to bite their children!"

"Did you ride on a efilant?" Lou inquired, timidly.

"Indeed I did. There are many ways to travel in India, and I rode in the cars, in a doli, in a palanquin—with coolies for



RIDING IN A DOLI

horses—in big, awkward boats, in elegant English carriages and—on an elephant! You would love to see one of the huge creatures in his gay embroidered cloth trappings and the cage on his back which they call a *howdah.* It was a wealthy Englishman who invited us to ride. The elephant knelt and a ladder was placed against his side and so we climbed up and sat down in the *howdah.* Then the great creature got up, and we screamed and clung to each other, for it was almost impossible to keep our places as he tipped and turned from side to side. When fairly on his feet he stepped slowly along out into the street. His driver was a coolie who sat on his neck and guided him with his toes and an iron prod."

"Would you like efilants better than horses for your carriage?"

"No, indeed, Lou, for it made me seasick to ride only a short distance. It was even worse than the camel ride I had in Arabia. No, I prefer horses, or steam, or electricity to an elephant. But, my dear Pilgrims, here I am talking at random,

and we haven't got acquainted with a single child, nor a woman. We haven't been to a school nor a temple. What must you think of me?"

"We think we would like to have you come next week and tell us more," Miss Alice answered, while the children nodded heartily.

"Very well. I have some curios that I haven't looked at since—since I came to Rockside." Mrs. Rutledge's quivering lips were eloquent, and every Pilgrim heart went out to her in sympathy. "But I will find them," she continued, "and bring them next time. Then I will tell you more about the people."

"Madam President, I move a vote of thanks to Mrs. Rutledge," said Gladys in her best style.

"Miss President, I second the motion," several voices murmured, and then they all stood in response to their own grateful hearts. Edith took her place at the piano, and they joined heartily in singing, "We Will Send the Light."

After Mrs. Rutledge left they could not

find words to express their admiration for her. "And to think she should come to us,—just us girls," they said.

"Will she tell us more about India at our first meeting after vacation?" asked Avis.

"Surely, and bring curios to show us," said Miss Alice.

"Then I'm going to have a long list of questions ready."

"So am I—and I ——" others echoed, and Avis said, "There are a thousand things I want to know."

"Haven't we had good times in our rocking-chair trips?" Miss Alice asked, as the girls lingered around her.

"So good that I mean to be a Pilgrim always," Avis answered.

"And perhaps some time our rockers will turn to wheels and we'll really go abroad 'strange countries for to see,'" added Edith.

# X

## AFTER VACATION

IT was the second Saturday in September, and Miss Alice brought the twelve red rocking-chairs from the big hall closet dusting each one as she set them in the usual circle.

"Dear little chairs," she said, "you really have a strange and foreign look as if you might have been whispering to yourselves about old temples and idols and curious people all these weeks."

She smiled happily as she hung the maps, laid out small singing books, work-baskets and the pile of pillow cases which were not yet finished but were waiting to be sewed up "over and over."

Then Lou came racing across the lawn. She had reached home only the night before, and was overjoyed to see her beloved aunt.

"Don't I look sun-struck?" she asked,

holding up her face for kisses, "'sunburnt'? O, yes, that's what I meant. Mamma says I've growed a whole inch, —not in tallness, but round my waist. And Aunt Alice! I didn't forget to earn some money for the heathen chil'ren—guess how!"

"O, perhaps you found a pearl in an oyster shell," Miss Alice answered, taking the little girl in her lap.

"No, I never! I wrote poetry. I sold it to Mr. Moses Morse. He was my friend and he had a sail-boat. He gave me fifty cents," and Lou opened her hand to show five moist dimes.

Miss Alice laughed and hugged her tight as she said, "Why, Lou, I didn't know you could write poetry. Will you repeat it to me?"

"I can't remember it all, but the first lines was,

"'I see the shiny water, dancing up and down,
I'm very glad I'm not a fish, but live up on the ground.'

That *is* poetry, isn't it? Mr. Moses Morse said it was very good."

"It certainly has quite a jingle. And now I'll put your money with my fancy work. See?" and Miss Alice showed Lou some fine embroidery which she had made for the Pilgrims' wallet.

"There come some more girls!" cried Lou, as she saw them coming up the hill by twos and threes,—brown, and rosy, and glad.

After greeting and kissing Miss Alice and Lou, they were eager to tell what they had been doing.

Lydia and Lizzie had picked and canned a dozen jars of red raspberries and made two gingham aprons "with bibs and straps." Avis showed several yards of lace edging, and had a toilet set at home.

"I've made a landscape, with papa's help," Trudie said, "and earned money taking care of baby enough to buy a frame for it."

Then Maud reported: "Pert and I put our pennies together and bought stuff for sweeping caps and dusters. Mamma says they'll sell like hot cakes."

Mary Ellen had made a dozen holders "every stitch myself," she said with an emphasis which hinted of real heroism. Ella Brown showed a dainty booklet of plainly written "tried and true" recipes for cake, gingerbread and home-made candies. The covers were lettered with gilt and the leaves tied in with bright ribbon. "Ten more at home," she said.

Edith and Joanna had bought a dozen pretty dolls, and with some help from Edith's older sisters had dressed them "in suits that could come off."

Gladys waited until all were through, and announced, "Two lovely silk sofa pillows—real fat and puffy, with lace ruffles."

Lou drew Miss Alice's head down and whispered with a gurgle of delight, "None of 'em wrote poetry but just me," and then of course that was reported, and Lou recited the two lines she "'membered" to the great delight of her admiring friends.

"I don't suppose the boys have earned anything. They want to be in all the

good times but when it comes to work they're shirkers," said Joanna, with a virtuous air.

Persis and Avis exchanged knowing glances. They had brothers.

While they were still talking over their vacation pleasures Miss Kate Matthews came bringing a set of hemstitched handkerchiefs, beautifully fine, as her contribution to the "heathen Pilgrim fund" as she laughingly called it.

Miss Kate was a rather magnificent young lady at whom the girls had cast admiring glances from a distance, but when she sat down with them and led their singing with her beautiful voice they began to think she was almost as nice as Miss Alice. The boys came in while they were singing, each with very wet hair which led Avis to whisper to her next neighbor, "Pert, they've been in swimming."

But the boys redeemed themselves when, under "reports," Ned rose and read: "We thought we boys would help so we went fishing with Cap'n Snow in-

stead of coming to that last meeting which we were sorry for when we knew what you had. We caught trout enough to sell for seventy-five cents. Then we did odd jobs in vacation and we've counted it all up to-day. Charlie Wheeler, one dollar twenty cents; Guy Brent, eighty-five cents; Sam Taylor, sixty-eight cents; Ned Leslie, one dollar eight cents, which makes three dollars eighty-one cents. Add seventy-five cents fish money and we have four dollars fifty-six cents," and Ned laid it on the table while the girls applauded vigorously, and Miss Alice said, "Well done, honorary members!"

Then Mrs. Rutledge came across the lawn followed by Chloe bringing a large square box. Chloe's face beamed with joy, for her beloved mistress was dressed in white for the first time in two long, sorrowful years. As they came in Mrs. Rutledge greeted the Pilgrims and as the box was set on the table she said: "This is Chloe, little Pilgrims, who thinks a great deal of you."

"I'se most shorely happy to see dese lambs of de flock. De Lord bress you 'bundantly," Chloe responded, with a low curtesy as she went out.

Mrs. Rutledge had been beautiful and stately in her trailing black gowns, but she was more lovely in white, and the children were so absorbed in watching her that they hardly realized what she was taking from the box until the centre of the table was filled with curios.

"Idols, and brass things, and jewelry and embroidery!" they whispered, noting the variety.

When she was ready to begin her talk, Mrs. Rutledge called Gladys, and taking a long white cloth with a border of bright embroidery she draped it around the little girl's waist, brought it up loosely over each shoulder and finally drew the end around her head partly covering her face. Then pushing back Gladys' muslin ruffles she put several bracelets on each arm, and rings upon her fingers, as she said,

"I did not tell you at your last meet-

ing how the women and little girls dress in India, but here you have a little Hindu girl. You will have to imagine a nose-ring, rings in her ears,—perhaps three or four in each,—anklets and toe-rings. Beautiful necklaces are also worn, and sometimes bands across the forehead with jewels. This is a high caste dress. The lower castes wear a skirt, jacket and *chadder* which is a veil for head and shoulders. Here is a photograph of a 'hill woman' with a water-jug upon her head. The women in the East still bring water from the wells as they did in our Saviour's time for family use. But even while working, you see her head and arms covered with jewelry. She even wears a nose-ring."

"How can they eat when they wear those rings?" Mary Ellen inquired.

"When the ring is large it is tied back and fastened to the ear, but our nice hill woman's does not cover her mouth, you see."

"And do little girls have those, too?" asked Gladys.

"Yes, in families of wealth one sees even the babies loaded with jewels. The boys, too, often wear strings of money around their necks. You see that is the way they invest their wealth. So the bracelets and necklaces, the armlets and earrings and nose-rings, the anklets and toe-rings are something like bank-books and railroad stock."

After some whispering Avis said, "We all wonder how those women can wear toe-rings inside their shoes."

"Yes'm,—without pinching," added Joanna.

"Why, my dear, the women do not wear shoes in India. Their feet are bare, so their rings show very plainly."

"Oh!" "Bare-foot!" "Grown up women without shoes!" exclaimed the girls.

"Yes, and sometimes when little bells are attached to the toe-rings they make a merry tinkling when my lady walks. Here is a variety of their jewels," and Mrs. Rutledge paused to hand around some of the pretty ornaments.

HINDU AND AMERICAN

"But if the people are so poor how can they afford such things?" Ned inquired.

"The jewels worn by the poor are very cheap. Here are some that would not cost a cent apiece," and she handed him a nose-ring made of brass wire, a bracelet of glass beads and a pewter toe-ring.

"The pewter anklets are sometimes very heavy, but a woman will wear several pounds' weight without complaining. The women of India wear jewels not only because they are fond of them, but because without them they would be taken for widows. I'll tell you about that later. But now I was about to say that when you think of the beautiful jewels and silks and the bare-feet you may imagine that the women and girls of India live in fine houses with soft carpets. But this is not true. The houses of wealthy natives are built around a court or hollow square, and the inner rooms facing the court are for the women. These are the *zenana*. Fa-

thers and sons and sons' sons, with their families, live together. But the furnishings of the zenanas are very poor and simple. The women have beautiful garments and jewels which they love to exhibit, and those whom I met also showed their embroidery with much pride. But into their rooms the sun cannot shine, nor can the women look out into the streets. Sometimes the men have foreign carpets and furniture for their own use in the outer rooms, and they also have gorgeous clothing, but wealthy Hindus have not yet learned what *home* means. The lower caste women have much more liberty than the zenana women, and as we ride out through the country we see them at work in the fields."

"O, please tell about the farms!" said Charlie, then ducked his head behind Ned, surprised at his own boldness.

"They would not seem much like farms to you, and you would not see any farmhouses," Mrs. Rutledge answered with a smile. "The farmers always live

in villages, and go to their few acres in the morning and home at night. The villages are made up of poor little houses with mud walls and thatch roofs,—the better part being for high caste the poorer for low caste people. Inside one of these houses you would find only a bed, mats, a box for the family clothing, a few cooking utensils, the 'mill' for grinding and perhaps a wheel for spinning. They are such poor little places it makes one's heart ache to see them."

"I remember you said the ladies in the zenanas were high caste, and now you speak of high caste and low caste in the farm villages. What does it mean, please?" asked Avis.

Mrs. Rutledge released Gladys from her *sari*, as the Hindu ladies' dress is called, and replied, "It is what separates people, my dear. The Brahmin is highest of all and a string made of cotton cords worn across the breast tells the story, even if he is poor and dirty and wicked. He is the 'twice born' and ruler of all. There are many castes, so

many that we could not learn the divisions, but the people of one caste will not eat with those of another, nor will they do a kind act for them."

"Caste is something like money in this country, isn't it?" said Sam. "That seems to separate people." In a moment the boy felt that he had made a mistake, for the people of Rockside had called Mrs. Rutledge proud because she had a great deal of money and did not mingle with them freely. But she answered very sweetly, "Money ought not to separate people, but I know it does sometimes. I'm afraid there are a good many Brahmins in this country;—sometimes the cotton string is money, sometimes it is fine clothes, sometimes it is beauty, sometimes it is brains, and often it is pride or vanity, but whatever it is it ought not to make us forget that we are all God's children and must be humble and helpful if we would please Him."

"Gladys wears the cotton string," Joanna whispered to Avis, and as the room was very still at that moment,

Gladys heard the whisper and her face flushed angrily. But she was learning some lessons in her pilgrimage and did not even look towards Jo.

Mrs. Rutledge continued, "Caste keeps the people from our missionaries, for a high caste man would rather die than eat food from a Christian's hand. One missionary told us that her Brahmin teacher was very thirsty one day, and in earthen vessels in her home was cool, fresh filtered water. But it had been drawn by an outcaste servant from an outcaste well and was in a Christian's home. No, he must not drink. So he went a long distance through the scorching sun to reach a caste well. The famines which bring orphan children to the missions break their caste."

"Why do they have such famines?" and, "Did you see any famine orphans?" Trudie and Guy asked at once.

"I think every one is interested to know how they happen to have so many dreadful famines in India," Mrs. Rutledge answered. "It is this way. There

are three seasons, you know, the cold, the hot and the rainy. The plains get very dry and the country looks desolate during the hot season and in June they expect the *monsoon* or beginning of the rainy season. When it comes the plains are soon green and everything grows rapidly. When it does not come the rice crop fails and other grains are late and scarce and a famine follows, when perhaps thousands die. And did I see famine orphans? Yes, indeed; the mission schools were full of them. God has brought good out of evil by snatching these waifs from death and destruction. Some of the children were so plump and strong I could hardly believe they had been picked up while they were mere skeletons—dying by the roadside—having hardly strength to swallow when brought to the mission houses. But I cannot tell you about the schools to day ——"

"Nor about the widows?" questioned Gladys.

"No,—perhaps Miss Gay will give us a few minutes at the next meeting."

Miss Alice said, "Surely I will," and then Miss Kate said, "I do not understand, Mrs. Rutledge, why these people are so improvident, and so poor."

"Why, my dear, it is because they are idolaters I think," she replied, "and have no inspiration or ambition to make the most of themselves. There are idols, idols everywhere. They worship trees, and cows, and monkeys, and snakes, and rivers, and images of all sorts and sizes, and the dreadful men they call *fakirs* who consider themselves 'holy.' Crowds of people make pilgrimages to sacred rivers and famous temples and you will see many thousands at the Ganges during certain weeks in the year. That is their very sacred river and they bathe in the water and then drink it and carry it in bottles all over India."

"Ugh!" "Oh!" "How can they?" came a chorus of disgusted voices.

"Because they have gone down, down, down in their awful degradation until we could only compare them to half-crazed orphans,—orphans because they

knew no Heavenly Father. My husband was not a Christian when we went to India, but one day when we saw these poor creatures on their way to the Ganges, several of them measuring the distance with their own bodies,—lying down in the dust until they were literally covered with it, he said, 'If this is the best man can do for himself after hundreds of years, I shall turn my face towards God.' And from that day he was a happy Christian."

Mrs. Rutledge's voice sank into a whisper as she spoke and every Pilgrim heart went out to her in sympathy.

After a little silence she said, bravely recovering herself, "So I have that to rejoice over. Now let us look at these curios 'from India's coral strand,'" and all gathered around the table while she "explained."

There were lovely cups and plates of hammered brass, all hand made, elaborately carved sandal wood paper-cutters and fans, quaint ivory ornaments, boys' caps embroidered with silver and gold

thread, beads and vases and "sacred" nuts, dolls, made and dressed in the zenanas, brave with tinsel, incense holders, and idols of brass and bronze with ugly faces and twisted grotesque bodies.

"Think of *worshipping* such images!" said Persis.

"But millions of men, women and children are doing it all the time;—bowing in the dust and offering sacrifices to these blind, dumb, heartless, lifeless idols," said Mrs. Rutledge musingly.

"Do I look natural?" Sam asked the boys as they raced down the hill, "because I feel as if I'd been in another world—sort of a dark cave, you know, thousands of miles away."

# XI

## LIGHT REFLECTED FROM FOREIGN SHORES

THERE was a perfect babel of voices the next time the children climbed the hill,—excited but happy voices.

"My father said so this morning!" cried Joanna Stebbins.

"Oh! your father."

"Did he say she would pay half?"

"Say, Jo, was it half?"

"That's just what, and half of ten thousand is five thousand."

"Five thousand dollars! My! mustn't she be rich?"

"And the rest——"

"Yes, everybody's got to take hold like good ones and pay the rest."

"But they will. My! I'd go without —*butter* to help."

"Who told her about it? Was it the minister?"

"I don't believe papa ——" Avis began, but Joanna answered,

"No, papa said he thought she said Lou Leslie told, but he said 'course such a baby wouldn't know about church debts. He thinks the Lord gave her a vision ——"

"I'll bet—it—*was*—Lou," and Ned faced the girls with a comical look of surprise and dismay. "She's the queerest budget! O she's a regular Pilgrim mother! You see I heard her asking pa all sorts of questions about the church debt. My! I guess gran'pa 'll want to give her a good shaking,—going to Mrs. Rutledge with such things."

"Don't you let him."

"The little dear!"

"She's so sweet I should think anybody would give ——"

"Papa's so glad he couldn't sleep last night," broke in Joanna impressively. "He says that debt has 'most crushed the life out of him, but now they can swing it."

"Won't it seem queer not to have a

debt to bump up against every time papa wants to do anything?" questioned Avis, soberly, for the minister's family always knows about church debts.

When they reached the dining-room they found Miss Alice, Miss Kate Matthews and Mrs. Rutledge talking earnestly and looking over books and pictures. Lou and Winnie were in one corner and all the girls laughed when Joanna picked Lou up and gave her a reverential kiss upon her forehead.

"Jo, see if there are any wings growing," whispered Persis.

Lou looked at her with puzzled eyes. "Not wings, Pert, but just ruffles. Mamma made 'em all 'round my shoulders. It's a new dress. Don't you think I look pretty nice?" and a very human little girl stood up to be admired.

"But you're an angel just the same," Joanna persisted, and the girls began to realize for the first time how Joanna had felt about the church debt for her father's sake.

They always responded with a text at

roll call, and after the Pilgrims had finished, Mrs. Rutledge said in a low tone:

"*And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward.*"

Her face was very bright as she gave the text, and the children wondered just what she was thinking of as they watched her adoringly. How beautiful it must be to be rich and good!

"Now little Pilgrims," she said, after thimbles, needles and thread had been distributed and each girl supplied with a pillow case, "I have some pictures to show you as I take you to India with me for a little while again this afternoon."

Hanging over the map was a crayon sketch of a little bride in her jewels and silken garments.

"Did I tell you how very unwelcome the girl babies are in India? Boys are welcomed and given the best of everything, but if the girl baby is allowed to live,—sometimes she is not,—she has a

pretty hard time. She is taught to cook and to worship idols, to scour the brass dishes and to take care of her jewels, but if she is a high caste child she stays in the zenana until her wedding day. Then, there is much feasting for days, and presents are given to friends and to priests and fine clothes bought for the little bride. There is a procession, too, and we saw one more than once. Do you hear music? O, you think a band is coming! But as it comes nearer, you see a dozen men and boys playing on queer drums, cymbals and trumpets. After them comes a company of singers and then a covered chair carried by men in which sits the little bride. The procession makes its way along the crowded street, but sometimes a big elephant scatters the band, and then perhaps they meet a funeral procession and the gay music and the wailing of mourners mingle strangely. The little bride is carried to her husband's home, and there she is expected to obey him and his mother, and to wait upon the older

members of the family, and if she disobeys she is often beaten."

"I would run away," said Persis, who had great faith that her swift feet would carry her out of any danger.

"There is no place for our little bride to run for shelter. Her own mother would not receive her."

"But—please—why wouldn't the law give her a show?" asked Guy.

"The English law doesn't interfere with their customs. It did do away with the burning of widows, and throwing babies into the Ganges, but anything connected with their religion, government does not meddle with. And their sacred book says that a woman's husband is her god. She must live only to serve him."

There was a little silence and Ned said, "O, pshaw!" in a whisper.

Mrs. Rutledge took down the sketch of a bride and under it they saw the same little girl wrapped in a dark mantle and without a single necklace or bracelet or jewel of any kind.

"What's happened to her?" Joanna inquired.

"She's a little widow. If a husband dies, no matter if the little girl is only promised to him by her father,—she is called a widow. All the family pretend to believe—rather, they have been taught to believe,—that his death was her fault. She had committed some grievous sin, they say, their god is angry, and so he was taken. Because of this as soon as the husband is dead they tear off her jewels. Barbers' wives make this a trade, and they often wound the poor little girl terribly when they pull out nose and earrings. They take off her beautiful clothes and put on her a coarse plain cloth. Now she must not have but one meal each day, and must do all the drudgery of the household. The poor little thing——"

"I would go to my mother!" Persis ejaculated. "They shouldn't dare abuse me."

"But her own mother believes just as the rest do. She says 'Unhappy crea-

ture! I can't bear the thought of any one so vile; I wish she had never been born.' And children, there are twenty-seven million widows in India, and more than two hundred thousand are under fourteen and fourteen thousand are under four years of age,—mere babies! And all this wretchedness springs out of idolatry."

"I'd rather be a wild Indian in a wigwam," said Persis.

Gladys looked so distressed that Miss Alice called her to her side.

"What is it, dear?" she whispered.

"It makes my heart ache." she answered back, close to her teacher's ear. "When Mrs. Rutledge put those lovely jewels on me I thought how nice it would be to be a little Hindu girl. But it is so awful! I wouldn't be one for anything. And the girls say I wear a cotton string—like a Brahmin you know—and feel proud. But I don't want to, Miss Alice. I want to be truly good."

"If you ask Jesus to take the pride out of your heart, Gladys, He will surely do

it. And He will make you His own dear child." The answer was very, very low, but Miss Alice heard, "I will try," and her heart was full of joy. Gladys had been so vain and selfish that no Sunday-school lesson seemed interesting enough to keep her thoughts from herself, and Miss Alice had often wondered what sort of woman she would make; but now the selfish little girl was longing for better things because of the sad fate of India's little widows. Gladys stayed beside Miss Alice, leaning against her chair, and when next she began to listen, Mrs. Rutledge was telling about Christian work for these widows. "Pundita Ramabai, an educated Christian Hindu widow, has gathered more than two thousand into her schools and homes," she was saying, "and there they learn how to earn their own living, and many of them are Christians. Others are being taken into mission schools and by and by better times are coming to these sad lives."

Removing this picture she showed a group of Hindu boys and said, "We

were very much interested to know about the native schools, and if you will go with me about five minutes I will show you one. We shall hear it before we see it, so listen! There is a strange buzzing noise and you recognize that it comes from boys' voices. Now we will turn a corner in the street and here we are, close to a Hindu school. Schoolhouse? No, Ned, they have none, but they have a veranda and there they are squatting around their Brahmin teacher, studying 'out loud' as fast and loud as they can. We could not study that way, but in China and India that is the way boys in the native schools learn their lessons."

"I don't see how they can learn a thing," said Guy.

"But they do,—they learn to repeat their tables and their grammar lessons 'by rote' as we say,—and these boys have quite wonderful memories."

"Are their studies any like ours?" Ned asked.

"Well, now, tell me what our system of numbers is,—what figures do we use?"

"Why—Arabic."

"Yes, and the Arabs learned the figures from the Hindus. We really owe them much. Those brave ancestors of the present race were scholarly men. They made the first grammar,—history and mathematical works that are known."

"But I can't understand how they grow up such stupid idol worshippers if they learn anything at all when they're young," Guy said.

"They aren't taught to use their reason very much, that is the trouble. We found that the teachers were usually rather idle, and let the boys recite without explaining the lessons. The one object in these schools is to pass the examinations and then try to get a government position."

"And aren't there any girls in such schools?" Joanna asked.

"No indeed. The little girls couldn't learn, so their fathers used to think. They said cows could learn to read before girls could. Ah, it was a sad time for

girls before the mission schools were opened!"

"Oh! there's a mission school I'm sure," and there was a breath of relief as the picture of some bright-faced girls was brought to view.

"Now, in many places in India, we can find such schools. There are not half enough,—the work has only well begun; but already the men of India themselves, see what a change has come. Bright little girls are found even among the low castes. We heard of one child from the sweeper caste—nearly as low as any—who had been thrown away by her parents. She was taken by the missionaries, educated, given a medical training and became a most useful physician. And there is no class of workers more useful than Christian physicians. As one poor Hindu woman said, 'Your God must be a very kind, good God to send a doctor to the women. None of our gods ever sent us a doctor.'"

The boys were interested, but they had come with questions about other subjects,

and thought Mrs. Rutledge had given quite time enough to girls and women. So Ned asked very respectfully,

"Did you happen to see any tigers?" Mrs. Rutledge laughed outright.

"Thank you, Ned, for reminding me that you have a healthy curiosity about the great country of India as well as its people. No, I am happy to say that I didn't see a living tiger, but I saw some beautiful rugs made of their skins. Our host had killed several, and my husband went with him on a hunt. They rode on elephants and had a bodyguard of servants and before they returned had killed the 'man eater.' But I had suffered so from anxiety that I could not bear to look at the creature. But there were plenty of snakes and scorpions, lizards, bats, mosquitoes and red ants to keep us on the watch every night. The most wicked, poisonous snakes are the ones the people worship, and servants are very unwilling to kill them. Instead of killing them the poor creatures set dishes of milk for them to eat, and

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pray them not to bite the children! If you want to know about the jungles and wild animals of India, read Kipling's best stories. One of the missionaries said these stories had 'the real *odor* of India.' But I am talking too long, and here is patient Miss Alice waiting to tell you what she and Miss Kate have planned for an entertainment."

"Winnie and I have wrote composition about heathen chil'ren," Lou announced, as the two small girls came from the corner to which they had retreated a half hour before.

"O, let us hear them!" the Pilgrims exclaimed, and with long sighs of relief the exhausted writers yielded their crumpled papers.

"I can read Winnie's," said Avis. "She prints, and her letters are hind side before half the time." This was what she read.

"Oxigen is in the air. It is good to brethe. If we open our windows the oxigen comes floking in. Little hethen girls in India do not have oxigen enough

to brethe. we must send them Oxigen and bibles it must be sad to be a Hethen Child and sit on the Floor to eat with my fingers Let us send Tables and Chares and Oxigen to them."

The Pilgrims cheered generously and Avis explained, "You see Winnie has been awfully curious about the air this summer, and papa told her about oxygen."

"That is all right. Those little zenana girls need oxygen as much as any one I know of," said Mrs. Rutledge.

Miss Alice read Lou's story which was as follows :

"Hethen chilren live on the other side of our world where the sun can't shine but if I went acros the oshun I would soon know why they are treeted so bad. I should buy efilants and take those hethen chilren and bring them home, then I would give them to all the nice ladies in this town. I would give ten to Aunt Alice and ten to Mrs. Rutlege and ten to Miss Kate and ten to the minsters wife and ten ——"

By this time Miss Alice was laughing so she could not read and all the rest were laughing and clapping their hands over Lou's generous division of her rescued "chil'ren."

The little benefactor looked at them wonderingly.

"I don't think you're nice to laugh that way, for I would give you more if I could," she said.

After Mrs. Rutledge, with Lou dancing beside her, had gone across the lawn, the children gathered around Miss Alice to discuss the subject which they had dropped at the beginning of the meeting.

"I couldn't hardly keep my mind on India or my pillow case," said Joanna. "I had to keep looking at Mrs. Rutledge and thinking what she was going to do for our church debt."

"And did Lou tell her about it first of anybody?"

"I wish you'd tell us just how it happened."

"She hasn't been to church very

much,—mother thinks it's a miracle," said one and another.

"Dear Pilgrims," Miss Alice began with a tender loving glance which took them all in. "Mrs. Rutledge says it was our little Lou who let the sunshine into her life again. Her husband and little girl had been taken away, and she felt that there was nothing in the world to live for. She was very rebellious and very sad. But Lou just walked in to see her one Sunday afternoon to tell her about our 'heathen chil'ren.' She says God spoke to her that night ;—God does speak to people, children, never doubt that,—and in a wonderful dream she thought Lou led her out of a dark cold dungeon into a bright and beautiful place and pointing to a crowd of happy children told her that her money had saved them. They sang and waved their hands towards her and she awoke crying for joy. It was really like coming from darkness to light, for she began her plans to help at once. Then one day Lou told her how our church wasn't 'missionary' because

of the debt, and she decided to pay half of it for a thank offering."

"But she wouldn't have if Lou hadn't gone to her first about the little orphans, would she?"

"No, Avis, the gift came by way of India. Don't you see how able God is to do what He says: 'Give and it shall be given to you pressed down and running over'?"

"Oh! is that what it means?"

"Why, Miss Alice, did our Pilgrims——"

"Did we start it ourselves? Did God do it—because——"

"O not to *pay* us! not to pay *us*, children, but it is His beautiful way of taking care of His work and His workers. Don't you see how He touched dear little Lou's heart and because she was willing to obey His voice He made her a messenger to touch another heart and so, —why, it is when we are willing to do what He asks that He can send these great blessings. Let us be willing. Do let's trust Him and remember that

the whole round earth is in His hand."

The children will never forget just how Miss Alice's sweet face brightened as she said these words. There was a long deep breath in response, for the Pilgrims were learning that God's great plan took in every land, and they were reaching out, little by little, in loving interest, wishing to help it on.

Then Miss Alice told them that with Miss Kate's and Mrs. Rutledge's help she had decided to have their entertainment early in October, and that a part of it would be the songs of other nations. There would also be dialogues and readings.

"And will we dress up?" asked Mary Ellen.

"Like Orientals? Yes, some of you will, but we will have dolls to show the costumes of all lands. We mean, first of all, to show our people here in Rockside that we all belong to one great family," Miss Alice answered with a smile.

As the girls went down the hill Avis

said, "You will have to be the India bride, Gladys, you looked so nice dressed like one."

But Gladys shook her head. "No, I don't think so. I'm not a Brahmin any more."

Avis looked curiously at the dainty little lady and suddenly recognized that she was trying to break that invisible cotton string; and, saying to herself: "I guess I've been a Brahmin myself—thinking I was better than Gladys," she passed her arm around the "rich little girl's" waist and they walked on in loving comradeship.

# XII

## THE SUBURBS OF INDIA

AT the next meeting the Pilgrims were to furnish their own program while Miss Alice and Miss Kate planned and cut out the costumes for foreign dolls.

It is safe to say that every girl had spread the news of what was coming and there had been a general ransacking of piece bags and bureau drawers for silks and ribbons.

The boys had agreed to "cut" that meeting for they were not interested in "doll babies!" But after planning a jolly afternoon in Charlie Wheeler's grove with a fire and all the sweet corn they could roast, the wind whirled around into the east and on Saturday morning rain was beating against the window panes.

"It always rains if we boys want a pow-wow," Ned Leslie grumbled.

"But you can have your 'pow-wow' over at Aunt Alice's now like good boys," said his mother. Whereupon he remembered that his aunt had asked him to go up into Tibet and spy out the land and bring a report to the meeting.

So he flung himself out of the dining-room with a "S'pose I'll have to."

Lou looked after him with puzzled eyes and sighed deeply. "Boys are rather frazzly," she said.

"Why, what do you mean?" her mother asked.

"I mean like catapillars;—frazzly about doing things. Like this," and Lou lifted her shoulders, jerked her elbows and wriggled her small body across the carpet.

Mrs. Leslie smiled at Lou's illustration, wondering at the same time why boys who really love to do nice and noble things should like to appear contrary and rough in the doing;—in short "frazzly." But Ned, after two hours in

the library was in a more agreeable mood, and when it was time to cross the lawn he very politely held the umbrella over Lou's curly head, much to that little lady's delight. Nothing pleased her more than to have Ned "polite" to her. There are other little sisters who have that same peculiarity!

When it was time for him to report his lonely trip, he stood beside the piano with only a few notes, for Ned was a natural talker. He began with an honest confession.

"I didn't like it very well when Aunt Alice asked us to see what we could learn about the suburbs of India, for we boys had another plan. But when it rained so, I thought perhaps I could go to Tibet and ring the door bell anyway. So I found a book that a woman named Isabella Bird Bishop wrote, and I got interested. You see she's a great traveller, and she doesn't care how hard it is to reach places if she wants to go. Tibet is called the 'Closed Land' because the people don't want any strangers in

the country and threaten to kill 'em if they come. They did nearly kill an Englishman named Landor, father said, because he went to their capital. But Isabella Bird Bishop didn't go there. She just went as far as she could. She had some servants and a guide and a fine horse named Gyalpo that she rode. They started from Simla. Who knows what Simla is?"

And Ned, with a good imitation of grown-up questioners, gazed around the circle.

Sam lifted his hand. "Please, teacher, it's where the English Government stays in summer."

"Very good, my boy," Ned responded. "The viceroy, you should say. From there they went on up into the mountains riding sometimes along narrow roads with precipices on one side and high rocks on the other. They call such places 'passes,' and I never knew before what that line in 'Excelsior' meant where it says: 'Try not the pass the old man said.'

"She rode where if your horse slips you'd have to go down a precipice, but it seems she could see everything just the same,—lovely flowers down in the valleys, colors in the rocks and sunsets,—I tell you she was a traveller!

"When she got to the first Tibetan village she found the people awfully homely and dirty and kind. They took her into their dark dirty rooms and asked questions and looked at her and gave her cheese and tea. And listen to this! they boil a lot of tea and then put it into a churn with a pound of butter and some salt and churn it. That's the way they like it best."

After expressing their disgust over Tibetan tea the Pilgrims were again ready to listen.

"They have prayer wheels up in Tibet for part of their religion. The prayers are written on paper and rolled on a cylinder. Then it's fixed to whirl and every time it turns around you've said a prayer. Some of the wheels are small enough to carry in their hands, and some go by

water, and some are set up in a row and you can set them whirling as you walk along,—a hundred at once perhaps. Isn't that easy?"

Ned looked towards his aunt mischievously, as much as to say, "What will you say to that?" but Lou was quick to answer,

"You didn't pray wheel-prayers when I had scarlet fever, did you, Ned Leslie?"

The merry group sobered instantly for every Pilgrim remembered how their world had grown dark and sad one year before when little Lou lay battling for her life and they had all prayed the dear Lord to spare her.

Ned's eyes filled as he recalled those dreadful days and he said softly, "No, Lou—I didn't."

Pausing a moment to clear his throat he continued,

"Isabella Bird Bishop says the people dress strangely,—the men wear long loose coats with girdles around their waists and carry in them knives and pipes and a distaff. Then in the big blousey front of

the coat they carry wool, and the men spin as they walk! Yes, sir, that's straight! they spin and weave and make the clothes for the women and children, she says; but the women pay back by plowing and helping with the farming.

"They have an animal I'd like to see. It's a *yak*, some like an ox only wild and apt to kick and plunge over rocks. But the Tibetans make him carry burdens, and though he's such a big rough fellow he is sure-footed like a goat.

"They call their priests *lamas*, and they have the say about everything and take a good deal from the people to pay themselves. They live in monasteries among the high crags—the pictures look as if the houses were tucked into the rocks wherever there's a level spot."

Ned sat down beside Lou as he finished his report, and as she nestled close to him and whispered, "I didn't die, did I?" he actually bent over and kissed the top of her dear little head.

"Tibet isn't open by any means to missionaries," said Miss Alice, "but some

good Moravians have settled in the borderland and translated the Bible into Tibetan, and have taught some of the young people. So they are preparing the way. Ned made his excursion to the north of India proper. Who went Eastward?"

Avis laid aside the gay kimono she was basting, and took up a folded paper.

"I went to Burma, Miss Alice," she said with a smile. "I found ever so much in papa's library about Judson and his work and the people, and I wrote a few things down so I wouldn't take too much time.

"'The Burmese are different from the Hindus in a number of ways. They are a more active race, and the women are not shut up in zenanas. They are allowed to work, and buy and sell and make money. They dress in narrow skirts and jackets, and smoke long cigars which is certainly not nice. They like flowers, and wear them in their hair. The men dress in loose figured clothes and jackets with wide open sleeves. At Rangoon there is the Great Pagoda. It

is more than three hundred feet high and is all covered with gold leaf. It is a wonderful building. All around it are smaller pagodas with great images of Buddha in them. The Burmese are Buddhists. Judson began missionary work here in 1812 and suffered a great deal from persecution. He had a wife who was very brave and faithful. There has been a great deal of missionary work done among the Karens, and there are many Christians among them. There are mission schools in Rangoon and other cities, and the Burmese children are very bright and make good scholars.' This is all I wrote, Miss Alice, but I think all of us would like to read about Dr. Judson's life, and how he began his work. Why, it is just like a story, but I never wanted to read about other countries and people before."

"Just so I say," added Ned as she sat down. "You couldn't have hired me to read about Tibet last year. I know, for pa said he would give me that very book that Isabella Bird Bishop wrote if I'd

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read it through. But I thought it would be stupid."

"We are stupid," said Miss Alice, "when we shut ourselves away from such wonderful knowledge. Now I wonder if any of our pilgrims found time to visit Siam. That is a most interesting country with great prospects. When the young prince visited this country he came to learn 'how to do things.'"

"I found something about girls and boys in Siam," said Lizzie Wheeler, and then she read: "When the Siamese young folks get up in the morning they do not go to the washstand to wash their faces for the simple reason that Siamese households boast no such article of furniture. Our little Siamese friend just runs down to the foot of the ladder, for the house is built on posts, to a large jar of water with a cocoanut-shell dipper. Here she washes her face, not in the dipper, but by throwing the water over her hands and rubbing them over her face. She does not brush her teeth, for they are stained black by chewing the betel-

nut. Her hair does not require combing either, for it is all shaved except a little tuft on the top of the head, and that is tied in a little knot and not often combed.

"After breakfast is over, and a very simple meal it is in Siam, the children go off and find some pleasant place in which to play. The baby goes, too, and is carried by the older sister on her right hip, and with her arm to support the child's back she walks along as if she had no load to carry.

"The girls play at keeping house, and make dishes of clay dried in the sun, and from seeds, grasses, and weeds make all sorts of imaginary delicacies. Little images of clay washed with lime are their only dolls; these are sometimes laid in tiny cradles and covered with a few pieces of cloth.

"Boys in Siam play leap-frog, pitch coins, and jump the rope. Football is also a very popular game, but instead of a ball they use a little square piece of thick leather with feathers fastened into

one side. The boys, too, are great fishermen, and crab-catching is considered great fun."

"That is very good, Lizzie. Did you learn anything about the country?" asked Miss Alice.

"No, but I was interested to see how in all these countries they eat rice and never seem to get tired of it. If a boy wants to carry a luncheon when he goes after fire-wood he just takes cold rice. He doesn't have to have sandwiches and doughnuts and cookies. The mothers don't have sewing machines to run, nor beds to make, nor lamps to fill, nor carpets to sweep, so the girls have time to study all day long."

A loud "Ha! ha! ha!" from the Pilgrims brought Lizzie to her senses, and her face flushed hotly as she said, "I was thinking of myself I guess. Of course the Siamese girls don't care if they can't study. But I just wish we could live on rice and have things easier at our house."

"Dear child! I wish you could," said

Miss Alice sympathetically. "We have more cares than we ought to have about our food and clothing, I think, but still we would hardly like to change places with the people who live in huts and eat rice, would we? We must just work on and ask our Heavenly Father to open the way for us to make the most of ourselves."

Guy had just begun to tell how the Siamese love their folk-lore stories, and that he had one to read, when Chloe came in, her turban held high, her broad black face glowing with smiles.

"I'se happy to bring dis counterbution from missus," she explained, as she took from a basket bright rolls of silk and muslins, of ribbons and laces. The girls sprang to the table and the boys finding that the rain had ceased stole quietly away through the back door.

"O what beauties!" "Too pretty for dolls!" "Can we have them all?" exclaimed the girls as they shook out and held up the treasures.

"They is all fer this s'ciety,—the Lord

bress you 'bundantly in de use thereof," said Chloe as she departed.

There was no more searching through the highways and byways of Siam that afternoon. All India was for the time forgotten as Miss Alice and Miss Kate parceled out the lovely pieces of bright silk.

"That's just right for my Japanese doll's obi-sash," cried Edith, her covetous fingers on a rainbow-hued piece.

"And this stripe is just what the Burmese doll wants."

"Wouldn't the dark blue be lovely for my Chinese babies?"

"And will you see that great piece of fine white muslin! That's for *chadders*, isn't it, Miss Kate?"

So they all talked at once, and if there had not been a careful hand to steer the enterprise all might have ended in confusion, because of the abundance of riches.

As it was, they forgot all about the passing time until a burst of sunset splendor lighted the room.

"Why it doesn't rain, and it will be pleasant to-morrow," cried Avis. She could not remember the time when she had failed to watch the sunset Saturday night, because you know ministers like pleasant Sabbaths.

Miss Kate had cut out little garments for the girls to make at home, and even Mary Ellen Fairbrother had a straight skirt to hem for a rather American looking Burmese doll.

"I wonder if that was too difficult for Mary Ellen," Miss Kate asked, as the girl took her roll of silk and turned silently away, starting for home alone.

"Mary Ellen has freaks," explained Gladys, "but perhaps she is afraid she'll be scolded for staying so long."

This started them all towards home, each with her share of the spoils, chattering and laughing over the good time they had in view.

Miss Alice was alone at last and she sat in the grape arbor resting at twilight. She was tired but happy, for as she read a letter which the postman had left that

afternoon, her face was full of tenderness and joy. The Pilgrims thought themselves the centre of all Miss Alice's happiness, and they might have been puzzled to see how much pleasure she seemed to find in just reading letters!

But she was suddenly aroused by hearing a timid voice: "Miss Alice, are you in there?"

"Yes, dear,—who is it? Why Mary Ellen! what is the matter?" for Mary Ellen Fairbrother had come into the arbor and knelt beside her, hiding her face in her friendly lap and beginning to sob pitifully.

"Tell me what it is. Has any one hurt your feelings? Did anything happen this afternoon?"

Mary Ellen shook her head; then one hand reached up over the bowed head and in it was a long piece of dainty lace.

"I don't understand," said Miss Alice, "what makes you cry? Is it about this lace?"

"*I—stole—it!*" sobbed the little girl. "Oh! Oh!—I don't know why I did.

It looked so pretty,—I thought I could have it—on my dress—our entertainment night. I'm worse'n a—*heathen!*"

"You dear child!" Miss Alice saw at once how the bit of rare lace among the treasures Chloe brought, had tempted this girl who had so little that was pretty and dainty to wear. She smoothed the rough brown hair, and waited until Mary Ellen's sobs grew fainter, then she said,

"I'm so sorry one of my girls could do such a thing, but O I am so glad that having done it, you could not be happy! That is one difference between us and the heathen, Mary Ellen,—very many of them do not know what is right and what is wrong. But we know,—God has given us the light, and we know what it means to be honest and truthful and good."

She waited a moment and Mary Ellen said as well as she could for the sobs which would come—"I was sorry the minute I took it,—but I didn't dare—to put it back. Gladys would hate me if—

she knew it. But she—has everything. I don't think—it's fair."

"It is hard, dear, to see other girls with so much while you have so little, but if this is your cross you must be brave and bear it, and never, never do a thing that would make you unworthy to claim any one for your friend. Gladys is trying to be a Christian and to overcome her pride and selfishness ——"

"She is?"

"Yes, dear, haven't you noticed?"

"Yes'm, I did think she was some diff'rent."

"She has faults, you see, even though you think she has 'everything' heart could wish. But the same Friend who is helping her to be more humble and thoughtful of others, will help you to be patient and make the best of what you have, and if you will let Him, dear, He will make you better able to learn how to do everything."

"Truly? will He make me as good as Avis is?"

"Yes, dear. You may not be *like*

Avis, but I am sure He will make a useful, noble woman of you. Shall we ask Him?"

And kneeling there in the arbor, Miss Alice prayed that Mary Ellen's heart might be made new,—that all her sins might be forgiven. It was very quiet, and they felt that He who promised never to leave His children was with them.

Mary Ellen will never forget that prayer nor the talk which followed. There was a new purpose in the girl's voice as she said when they parted,

"I'm going to try with all my might, Miss Alice. I've wished I was a Christian ever since we began to be Pilgrims. It seemed queer to be doing missionary work and not be one, but I didn't know ——"

"I understand. You didn't know just how to begin. But you see it is just as you came to me to-night. Jesus loves you and you can tell Him every time you are tempted to do wrong and He will help you. He will make you stronger, too, if you will keep close to Him and do His will."

# XIII

## SEVERAL SURPRISES

"I SHOULD think everybody was coming to our entertainment," exclaimed Sam Taylor as he appeared at Miss Alice's door with the tickets he had himself printed on his small hand press. "They keep asking when it's going to be and if the tickets are ready, —and now they are and I'm dreadful sorry I couldn't have them ready sooner."

As Miss Alice took the package he hastened to add —

"I had lost my 'd's' so I had to use one 'b' in 'admission,' but there isn't much difference,—the curly-cue is on t'other side, that's all."

Yes, there it was, "*Abmission 10 cents,*" and crooked at that. Miss Alice smiled but shook her head at the same time as she looked into Sam's bright eager face. He and Persis were delightful children,

but both had that heedless careless style which was sure to mar their best efforts if it were not corrected.

"But Sam,—do you really feel satisfied to have these go out as specimens of your work?" she asked.

"Not *satisfied*—maybe, but you see I was in a hurry—and ——"

"We gave you two weeks, Sam. And then, you know Ned has a press just like yours and you could have borrowed a 'd.' Suppose some business man were looking for a boy he could trust to do his work just right,—what would he say?"

Sam's face flushed and he looked away as he murmured, "S'pose he'd say it was a poor job."

"'Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.' That's the idea. If you slight a bit of work like this I'm afraid you will slight more important things. Now Sam—I'm sorry to crowd you—but I really think you would better buy more cards and do this over. Would you like to have Ned help you?"

The boy shook his head decidedly.

"No'm—I'll do it over if you say so, but I'll do it alone."

He took the cards,—almost snatched them, and walked away; his very gait showing that he was greatly disturbed.

Miss Alice sighed, but said to herself as she closed the door, "Sometime he will be glad he had to 'do it over.'"

Sam's printing press was in their attic and it was very warm when, that night, he took off his coat and began the re-printing of three hundred tickets. He found his missing "d" in the wrong drawer, and even while muttering "She's too awfully particular," he cleaned his press carefully. Then with something akin to excitement he made up his "form" and took his first impression. The first was not perfect, nor the second nor the third, but the fourth was, and Sam snapped his fingers and danced around his press gleefully. As he took the cards from the press, one by one, he laid them on a clean paper, carefully separated that there might be no blotting. It was eleven o'clock before he tiptoed

down-stairs to his bedroom, and before school in the morning he had finished his task. Leaving the tickets to dry thoroughly during the day, he proudly packed them and marched up the hill after school to deliver them.

Miss Alice met him as before and looked at his completed work.

"There, Sam Taylor!" she exclaimed, "I am proud of you. These tickets are a credit to you and the Pilgrims. Are you sorry you did the work over?"

"No'm," said Sam, blushing and laughing. "That first job was a ragged one,—but honest, I didn't know 'twas so mean till I put these cards 'side of those first ones."

"It pays to do your very best every time, dear," said Miss Alice.

Sam had heard her call the girls "dear," but it was a new experience for him. It was not unpleasant, however, and as he ran down the hill he knew very well that he had earned a new place in her estimation by showing that he could overcome his slipshod ways.

And how those tickets sold! The Pilgrims did not have to urge the people to buy. And what was the reason? One of the old men told the whole story when Avis went to him.

"Bless you, of course I'll come," said he. "It's you children that helped pay the church debt all along of your foreign missionary work."

And truly, Mrs. Rutledge's gift had awakened a hopeful and grateful spirit in the Church and community which had resulted in the entire payment of the debt during the summer. Freed from this old burden, all departments of Church work took on new life. Pastor and superintendent walked with a lighter step, and began to plan for extended usefulness.

But the Pilgrims had made friends for themselves in their own homes as well. Were ever children more willing to work Saturday mornings that they might "go to Miss Alice's" in the afternoon? They had grown more thoughtful and careful, also, as they learned about the great out-

side world with its many wants and woes.

Gladys Stearn's mother was not a Christian, but when her precious daughter came to her and explained that she "had been a Brahmin but wasn't going to be one any longer," and that Miss Alice thought she could be a Christian, she encouraged the new life and began to seek it for herself.

So there was a kindly feeling on every side, and when at last the happy evening came, the hall was filled at an early hour.

All the mothers and aunts and sisters were there to see the dolls and fancy work which filled long tables on either side. How shall I describe those wonderful dolls?

There were miniature Hindu ladies,—several of them from the zenanas of India, which Mrs. Rutledge had given,—and others with rosy American faces hidden by muslin chadders, while Hindu men-dolls smiled under big white turbans. Chinese ladies with tiny feet and

bright embroidered clothing were apparently gossiping with their Esquimau sisters who were dressed from top to toe in furs. Real Japanese dolls had been bought and dressed in bright silk kimonos with wide sleeves, trailing skirts and wonderful *obis*, their hair elaborately coiled, making fine imitations of the quaint little women of the Sunrise Kingdom. Burmese dolls in narrow striped skirts and short jackets, with tiny artificial flowers in their artificial hair were true to the pictures consulted, only the girls had forbidden the smoking of cigars!

The odd and ugly costume of Korean women was faithfully given, even to the green coat worn over the head; while from Tibet was a grotesque figure with head ornament of fur-trimmed "ears," which finally had to be labelled to be recognized.

Turkey and Armenia, Mexico and Italy and the Philippines smiled and "neighbored" with each other in the persons of these funny dolls, and everybody won-

dered how the Pilgrims could have accomplished such wonders in the line of sewing.

But the twelve girls—excited and eager, waiting upon customers and explaining everything said over and over again: "We couldn't have done it all. Miss Alice and Miss Kate and Mrs. Rutledge have worked with us for weeks."

And the ladies bought fancy work and dolls until nearly every one in the hall had a knobby parcel, while the treasure-box, guarded by Guy Brent, gave forth its merry jingle in response to the silver coins continually dropping into it.

And by and by when the hall was fully lighted, some of the fathers and brothers and uncles came in and the entertainment began.

You can imagine that every Pilgrim was in honor bound to do her best, and that Edith Kingsley's piano-solo and her duet with Trudie Eastman were nearly perfect. It was Gladys who sang a plaintive Hindustani *Bhajan*, or song, very sweetly, and Persis and Maud who sang in

Japanese. There was no real Japanese lady or gentleman present to criticise their pronunciation, and to this day Rockside people call it "beautiful."

Avis read a bright original paper telling where the Pilgrims had been in their rocking-chairs, and all the girls gave a lively dialogue in which America received the nations and gave them counsel. Lou was dressed like a wee Chinese maiden, and told the story of little Mei Li.

"Are you sure you can say it? Could you say it with your eyes shut?" Ned asked anxiously as she danced softly up and down behind the curtain in her long "divided skirt," like a genuine Chinese girl.

"Yes, I could say it with my eyes shut and my mouth shut," Lou assured him.

But the pretty lips were unsealed when the time came, and instead of being frightened by the crowd she took them all into her confidence as she told the sad story of Mei Li's baby days and girlhood.

Lou's encore was most hearty, and she

came out with an all-embracing smile and sang a sweet little song, beginning,

"I want to send a whisper song
Across the waters blue,
And say to all those little girls
'Jesus loves you.'

"I s'pose they won't know what to think,
They'll wonder if 'tis true
But I'll just keep on whispering,—
'Jesus loves you.'"

It was very still in the hall, and something in the earnest little voice drew the tears to many eyes. More than one selfish heart became suddenly conscious that it had never sent even a "whisper song" on an errand to countries "across the waters blue."

The "honorary members" were not left off the program. Guy recited the "Little Martyr of Smyrna" and Ned the "Lighthouse Keeper." Sam played a violin solo, and Charlie used his clappers most effectively when Edith played the last marching song in which all took part.

Then ice cream and cake were served to

all who wished, and kind words of commendation were heard on every side.

"It was all missionary, and not dull for a moment. I don't understand it," was said more than once.

As Avis and Persis sat down to eat their cream, two ladies behind them were talking earnestly and the girls could not help overhearing.

"What will the children do when she goes away?" questioned Mrs. Simmons.

"I do not know," Mrs. Kingsley replied. "It does seem too bad that she must go just as they are becoming interested. She seems too valuable to give to China."

"Yes, she's a lovely girl. I can't help wishing—really I *do* wish Alice hadn't met him."

Persis turned around with startled eyes. "Please, Mrs. Simmons, do you mean—were you talking about our Miss Alice?"

"Why, yes, dear. Don't you know about that missionary from China? His name is Brigham—Mrs. Brigham's nephew, and he ——"

"Don't say it!" cried Persis. "We'll see her ourselves. I don't believe"—she caught Avis' hand, and the two girls hurried to the farther end of the hall where Miss Alice was talking with Kate and Mrs. Rutledge.

"Don't you cry, Avis," she said sharply. "Nobody can take her away from us,—she's ours. Those women are just gossiping."

Mrs. Rutledge was coming towards them and they grasped her silken draperies. Avis was first to speak this time.

"Is anything going to happen to Miss Alice?"

"Going to happen? Why, my dear girls"—and she stood still, looking into their scared faces—"haven't you suspected that your dear leader might become a real missionary?"

"Never such a word!" gasped Persis.

The rest of the girls gathered around and Mrs. Rutledge drew them into a corner.

"It is too bad to have this news come to you in such a public place," she said,

"but you see Mr. Brigham has to go back this fall—earlier than he expected to ——"

"That's what mamma meant!" ejaculated Trudie. "She asked me if Miss Alice was going to take us all with her to China, and I told her we'd been to China, and she laughed."

Mary Ellen was still groping in darkness. "I don't see why Mr. Brigham can't go back just whenever he wants to. We don't care."

"But he's going to marry Miss Alice—that's what they mean," Trudie explained in a loud whisper.

"Marry our Miss Alice," Mary Ellen echoed.

At last the whole dreadful secret was out, and the girls looked at each other with puzzled tearful eyes.

There she stood by a table as fair as a flower, smiling and chatting as if the world were as bright as ever.

"I move we get up a petition and just tell him ——" Persis begun.

"That we can't spare her and he can't have her," added Joanna.

"If he's fair he'll see that he's doing very wrong," Lizzie concluded in her sober matter-of-fact way.

Then Mrs. Rutledge laughed. "O girls, girls! it is too bad, but I'm afraid it is too late to petition. You see, she wants to go."

As they left the hall Persis waved her hand tragically towards the platform so lately the scene of their proud efforts.

"It's all over," she said. "We might as well never try to help anybody. We might as well let the world go to smash."

"Don't, Pert!" and Avis grasped her arm. "I'm glad we're Pilgrims and went across the ocean. It's a good deal to have almost a hundred dollars to help heathen children with."

# XIV

## GIVEN TO CHINA

THERE was great lamentation in the homes of the Pilgrims on the day following their entertainment, and as the mothers and friends bade them remember that Miss Alice had a right to marry if she pleased, the more unreconciled they grew. She was peculiarly their own. They had been her Sunday-school class from the moment they left the "infants' room," and the suddenness of this apparent desertion overturned their small world.

The minister was the first to suggest a happier view of their trouble.

He said to Avis and Guy, "You have been wishing you could do great things for the people you have met in your pilgrimage, haven't you?"

"O, yes, papa!" Avis replied. "If we could go right on we could support two

or three orphans as well as not. Miss Alice had it all planned, but now ——"

"But now you have a chance to do more than that. As a Pilgrim band you can give her to China. Don't you see? And I advise you all to stop fretting and mourning, and do it cheerfully, for 'God loveth a cheerful giver.'"

Avis was silent and thoughtful a moment, then she said slowly, "Yes, I suppose that would be the best way."

The idea grew in her mind, helped by memories of heroes and martyrs who had sacrificed everything they had.

At recess she called the girls together in one corner of the school yard, and presented that view of the case.

"We've wished and wished we could give a great deal of money to heathen girls, but we can't. We can give Miss Alice though, for she's truly ours, and she's more than gold. Won't somebody move that we do give her, and that we won't fret and act stubborn any more."

There was no response at first but finally, as Avis explained the beauty of

such heroism and self-sacrifice, Lizzie said, "I move it."

"Second the motion," Joanna murmured, adding in a louder tone: "All the same she's too good and pretty for the China girls, and my mother says so."

"It is moved and seconded that we give Miss Alice cheerfully ——"

"You didn't say 'cheerfully' before," Mary Ellen interrupted.

"But I meant that when I 'moved,'" said Lizzie. "I move we do give her cheerfully."

"I'll have to second it, I s'pose," Joanna murmured, huskily, "but I move we add 'to China.' I won't second it if you mean give her cheerfully to that missionary."

"We don't any of us mean that," Avis explained.

"No, indeed!" cried Persis. "Now is there anything more to be said? You know we've got to be honest, and if you want to talk, talk now."

There was confusion for a few minutes and a general airing of personal feelings.

Avis stood quietly in her place, a born chairman, and gradually the girls grew quiet.

Then Gladys said: "As long as we've got to let Miss Alice go we all want to do it cheerfully, and as soon as we vote, we've got another motion."

Every hand was solemnly raised, part way at least, in favor of the first motion, although faces were rather cloudy for those of cheerful givers.

"Now then," said Gladys, "mamma said of course we would want to give her a forget-me-not present. When she sees our motto and thinks of us ——"

"There, Gladys, don't cry! I second the motion, and we can't discuss for the bell's going to ring," said Persis.

"It wasn't a motion," said Lizzie.

"I move it." Gladys wiped her eyes as she finished her proposition.

"All in favor," and every hand went up as the bell rang.

There were other consultations during the week, and on Saturday, after somewhat embarrassing opening exercises,

which all Miss Alice's tact could not relieve, Avis read the following,

"WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father has called our beloved teacher and friend to go to China,

"*Resolved*, That we, her loving Pilgrim band will give her cheerfully, feeling that she is more precious than anything we could ever hope to send in money.

"*Resolved*, That we shall never forget her, but will try to do as she has taught us, and pray that she may do much good and live to come back."

As Miss Alice looked into the troubled faces before her, she smiled and then her eyes grew misty, for she loved them so!

"Dear little Pilgrims," she began, "I did not mean to have you hear about my going as you did. I thought after our entertainment I would tell you, and explain how I had not expected to go to China until next spring, but that Mr. Brigham has to go next month."

"So soon as that?"

"Yes, and that gives me hardly time to plan for you as I expected to. But

Miss Kate and Mrs. Rutledge have both promised to go on with you, and I do hope you won't give up your rocking-chair trips till you have gone around the world."

"I don't see where we can go without you," said Maud.

"O there are ever so many countries to visit," Miss Alice replied. "You haven't been to Africa nor any of the islands, nor to Turkey or Bulgaria or Greenland —— Why, you can spend another six months in those lands and then begin with Japan again and go over the list. You see we haven't seen half we ought in any country yet."

"We shall go to China if you're there, and you needn't think we won't," sniffed Persis trying to wink the tears from her black eyes.

"Why of course you will! And I shall still be a Pilgrim—a real one, and write to you once a month at least."

"And probably you'll see the girls with little bound feet."

"And the great wall."

"And I hope you won't see any Boxers nor any of those wicked persecutors," said Joanna and Ella and Trudie almost in concert.

"And you'll teach those girls just as you have taught us," added Avis, in a low tone.

"That is my dearest hope,—that I shall find girls there who will be as loving and good and true as you have been," and Miss Alice looked around with what Trudie called her "Evangeline Eyes."

"I've been awful bad a good many times," said Persis.

"And I've tried your patience, I know," Joanna confessed.

And Mary Ellen, unable to express her feelings, began to cry.

You know how it is when parting times come, or when one we love praises us, we remember a thousand things we wish we had never said or done. So these girls seemed to recall all the naughty deeds of the past few years, and they wished they had always

been "good and true," as Miss Alice said.

She saw that the Pilgrims were in no condition to travel, that day, so she talked to them about the responsibility of missionary work. She told them that her going from them gave no excuse for lessening their efforts.

"Why," she said, "if I had died you would have gone on studying and earning money just the same, I am sure. Whatever happens, so long as we are working for God we must not stop. He expects us to keep on as long as we live, —helping to build His kingdom. Sometimes, you know, a person will have a misunderstanding or a quarrel with a friend, and because of it drop all his work in the church."

"Old Mr. Cutler," said Maud. "Somebody took his pew in church and he's never been since,—never!"

"How sad and how foolish. But girls, I wanted to say to you, 'Cling together.' No matter what comes up to separate you, don't let it make any difference.

Just remember that as God's dear children it is your duty to help build His kingdom in all the earth. If you keep that in mind you will pray and give and work as long as you live."

Then before they separated she told them that on her wedding day they were all to be her bridesmaids, and stand with her in the church.

This gave them enough to talk about as they went slowly down the hill.

"If she must go, this will be the best part of it," Persis said.

"But we'll have to be polite to *him* if we're bridesmaids, and I didn't mean to even speak to him," Joanna said severely.

"O, let's give that all up, girls. Let's make her happy if it—nearly breaks our hearts," and Avis faced the little company.

"That's right," and Gladys stood with Avis. "Mamma says he's a very fine man."

"He'd better be," murmured Joanna.

"And another thing," continued Gladys. "We ought to remember how

Miss Alice's father, and Mrs. Leslie and Ned and Lou feel. They all love her as well as we do, and poor little Lou didn't come to the meeting this afternoon because her mother was afraid she'd cry. I move that we behave now."

"Second the motion," cried several voices, and a unanimous vote was taken, then and there.

It was a new thing for Gladys to be so thoughtful of others and Avis took occasion to whisper, "Good for you, Gladys," recognizing the new spirit.

When she came to the driveway of her elegant home, she drew Mary Ellen's arm within her own while the rest passed on.

"Don't you worry one bit about a white dress to wear to the wedding, Mary Ellen," she said in a low tone. "Mamma says she just thought she'd get cloth enough like mine while she was about it, and let our dressmaker make 'em both. You see she knew about the wedding last week."

Poor Mary Ellen! what she should wear to the wedding had been a dark

problem since the moment Miss Alice told the plan. And now it was solved!

"Now don't you cry!" Gladys continued, "because you're to come right into my house and be measured. There, now, if you do, I'll scold. I've been awfully mean to you lots of times, and your white dress will tell you I'm sorry. Hush!"

So Mary Ellen said never a word of thanks, but her heart was full, and after she was duly "measured" by tape-line and pattern, and had been regaled with lemonade and cake she went home to her own little room under the slant roof, and had a good cry.

It was a beautiful November day with a soft air almost like summer, and it was Miss Alice's wedding day. She had scores of friends in Rockside, and they had made the church beautiful with garlands and bouquets.

Ned, Guy, Sam and Charlie were ushers, and very fine they looked in their best suits and white kid gloves.

If any one asked, "Why does she have

mere boys for ushers?" somebody was sure to answer, "O, they are Pilgrims—her missionary boys, you know."

They and the girls wore as a gift from Mr. Brigham, a little gold staff with a tiny gold shell at the top. "Because you know," Lou explained, "Pilgrims carry staffs, and the shell means that a long time ago the Pilgrims carried shells to show they'd been in the Holy Land."

This had little real meaning to Lou, but "Holy Land" had caught her fancy, and as the girls stood around her, all in white, she repeated the word solemnly, and bestowed upon the pretty badges a sacred significance.

But now the carriages are coming, and Miss Kate, stately in her white robes but with flushed face and trembling lips, gives to each girl her place and tells her what to do. Then all eyes are upon Miss Alice who moves up the aisle on her father's arm. Dear Miss Alice! Tears will drop upon the girls' bouquets, and even the wedding march sounds sad, for

to them it seems to say: "Going to China! going to China!"

Mr. Brent's voice trembled as he repeated the words each was to speak, but the two who stood before him went through the sweet and solemn service unfalteringly.

It was only a few minutes before a crowd of people with smiles and tears were congratulating them, and the girls tried to say "Mrs. Brigham," and called her "Miss Alice," which she said was just right, for that should always be their name for her.

Then there was a more quiet reception at her home, with a wedding feast, and Mrs. Rutledge's Chloe was sailing around the kitchen, her white turban higher than ever, as she directed the waiters.

In the library were the wedding presents. Among them was a beautiful sofa pillow with a wreath of forget-me-nots embroidered upon satin, and the words "Forget Me Not." Against it rested a large photograph of the twelve

Pilgrims in a frame decorated with the same sweet blue flowers.

The girls had time to examine the rich display while Miss Alice and her sister were preparing for the trip to New York where the two missionaries were to take a steamship for China.

"She will like our present best," they said, "for when she's homesick she can rest her head on the forget-me-nots."

And then,—the dreaded good-byes were said, the kisses exchanged, and they stood upon the terrace waving their handkerchiefs until Miss Alice was out of sight.

The boys went away as soon as possible after that. Ned and Guy wandered out to the nearest grove trying to act as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. Sam walked home with Charlie and confided to him that he should never forget how Miss Alice had made him print the tickets over, and how since then he had been trying to "straighten up and be thorough."

Mrs. Rutledge talked with the girls,

assuring them that she would take Miss Alice's place as well as she could, although she knew very well that no one could fill it, and Miss Kate tried to laugh as she called them "fellow-pilgrims," and besought them to be brave.

But their best time was when they gathered in Avis' room to talk it all over.

"I'm so glad we gave her up cheerfully," said Joanna in a doleful tone.

Then they all laughed heartily and decided by vote, once and for all, that they would be faithful to their missionary work as they had promised her. "We in Rockside and she in China," said Joanna. "And God in Heaven," added Avis, reverently.

THE END

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